

P. Fourdrinier Scut .

Paradise Regain'd:

A

POEM.

In Four BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES;

AND

Poems upon feveral Occasions.

With a Tractate of Education.

The Author

JOHN MILTON.

The SEVENTH EDITION, Corrected.

LONDON:

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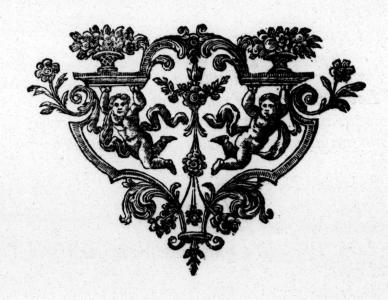
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PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

Who ere-while the happy garden fung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter soil'd 5
In all his wiles, deseated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite Into the defart, his victorious field,

Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,

B

As thou art wont, my prompted fong, else mute,
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And un-recorded left through many an age,
Worthy t'have not remain'd so long un-sung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice More awful than the found of trumpet, cry'd Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd With awe the regions round, and with them came From NAZARETH the fon of Joseph deem'd, To the flood JORDAN came, as then obscure, Un-mark'd, un-known; but him the Baptist soon Defcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore As to his worthier, and would have refign'd To him his heavenly office; nor was long His witness un-confirm'd: on him baptiz'd Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice From heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son. That heard the adversary, who roving still

About the world, at that affembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunder-struck, th'exalted Man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a-while survey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his place; nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient pow'rs of air and this wide world, (For much more willingly I mention air, 45 This our old conquest, than remember hell Our hated habitation;) well ye know How many ages, as the years of men, This universe we have posses'd, and rul'd In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50 Since ADAM and his facil confort EVE Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me; though since With dread attending when that fatal wound Shall be inflicted by the feed of Eve Upon my head. Long the decrees of heav'n B 2 Delay;

PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Delay; for longest time to him is short: And now, too foon for us, the circling hours This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we Must bide the stroak of that long-threaten'd wound; At least if so we can; and by the head Broken, be not intended all our pow'r To be infring'd, our freedom and our being, In this fair empire won of earth and air: For this ill news I bring, the woman's feed, Destin'd to this, is late of woman born. 65 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause, But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear. Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70 His coming, is fent harbinger, who all Invites, and in the confecrated stream Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so Purify'd to receive him pure, or rather To do him honour as their king: all come, And he himself among them was baptiz'd, Not thence to be more pure, but to receive The testimony of heav'n, that who He is

Thence-

Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I faw The Prophet do him reverence; on him rifing 80 Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head A perfect Dove descend, whate'er it meant, And out of heav'n the fovereign voice I hear, This is my Son belov'd, in Him I'm pleas'd. 85 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire, He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n: And what will He not do to advance his Son? His first-begot we know, and fore have felt, When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems In all his lineaments, though in his face The glimples of his Father's glory shine: Ye fee our danger on the utmost edge Of hazard, which admits no long debate, But must with something sudden be oppos'd; Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven Ere in the head of nations He appear Their king, their leader, and fupream on earth. I, when no other durst, fole undertook The difmal expedition, to find out

B 3

And

And ruin ADAM, and th'exploit perform'd Successfully: a calmer voyage now Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once, Induces best to hope of like success. 105 He ended, and his words impression left Of much amazement to th'infernal crew. Distracted, and surpriz'd with deep dismay, At these sad tidings; but no time was then For long indulgence to their fears, or grief: Unanimous they all commit the care And management of this main enterprize To him their great dictator, whose attempt At first against mankind so well had thriv'd, In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115 From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light, Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods, Of many a pleafant realm and province wide. So to the coast of JORDAN he directs His easie steps, girded with fnaky wiles, Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd, This man of men attested Son of God, Temptation and all guile on him to try; So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D.

To end his reign on earth, fo long enjoy'd: But contrary, un-weeting, he fulfill'd The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd Of the most High, who in full frequence bright Of angels, thus to GABRIEL smiling spake. 129 GABRIEL, this day by proof thou shalt behold, Thou and all angels conversant on earth With man or men's affairs, how I begin To verifie that folemn message, late On which I fent thee to the Virgin pure In GALILEE, that she should bear a Son Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God; Then toldit her, doubting how these things could be To her a Virgin, that on her should come The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest O'er-shadow her: this man, born and now up-grown, To shew him worthy of his birth divine And high prediction, henceforth I expose To Satan; let him tempt and now affay His utmost fubtilty, because he boasts And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng Of his apostasie; he might have learnt 146 Less overweening, fince he fail'd in Job,

B 4

Whofe

8 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Whose constant perseverance overcame Whate'er his cruel malice could invent: He now shall know I can produce a Man 150 Of female feed, far abler to refift All his follicitations, and at length All his vast force, and drive him back to hell. Winning by conquest what the first man lost, By fallacy furpriz'd. But first I mean To exercise him in the wilderness. There he shall first lay down the rudiments Of his great warfare, ere I fend him forth To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes, By humiliation and strong sufferance: 160 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength, And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh: That all the angels and æthereal powers, They now, and men hereafter, may difcern, From what confummate virtue I have chose This perfect man, by merit call'd My Son, To earn falvation for the fons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all heav'n Admiring stood a space; then into hymns

Burst

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D.

Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170 Circling the throne, and singing, while the hand Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God!

Now entring his great duel, not of arms,

But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.

175

The Father knows the Son; therefore secure

Ventures his filial virtue, though un-try'd,

Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,

Allure, or terrisse, or undermine.

Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,

180

And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:

Mean-while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,

Musing, and much revolving in his breast,
185
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his god-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190

With

With folitude, 'till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering defart wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once Awaken'd in me fwarm, while I confider What from within I feel my felf, and hear What from without comes often to my ears, Ill forting with my prefent state compar'd. 200 When I was yet a child, no childish play To me was pleasing, all my mind was fet Serious to learn and know, and thence to do What might be publick good; my felf I thought Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205 All righteous things: therefore, above my years, The law of God I read, and found it sweet, Made it my whole delight, and in it grew To fuch perfection, that ere yet my age Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast I went into the temple, there to hear The teachers of our law, and to propose

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Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. T

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What might improve my knowledge, or their own; And was admir'd by all: yet this not all To which my spirit aspir'd; victorious deeds 215 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while To refcue I SRAEL from the ROMAN yoke, Then to fubdue and quell o'er all the earth Brute violence, and proud tyrannick pow'r, 'Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first By winning words to conquer willing hearts, And make perfuation do the work of fear; At least to try, and teach the erring foul, Not willfully mif-doing, but unaware 225 Mif-led; the stubborn only to destroy. These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd, And faid to me apart, High are thy thoughts O fon, but nourish them, and let them foar 230 To what height facred virtue and true worth Can raife them, though above example high; By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire. For know, thou art no fon of mortal man; Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235 Thy

12 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Thy father is th' Eternal King, who rules All heav'n and earth, angels and fons of men; A messenger from Goo foretold thy birth Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne, And of thy kingdom there shall be no end. 241 At thy nativity a glorious quire Of angels in the fields of BETHLEHEM fung To shepherds watching at their folds by night, And told them the Messiah now was born, 245 Where they might fee him, and to thee they came; Directed to the manger where thou lay'ft, For in the inn was left no better room: A star, not seen before in heav'n, appearing, Guided the wife men thither from the east, 250 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold; By whose bright course led on they found the place? Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n, By which they knew the King of ISRAEL born. Just SIMEON, and prophetick ANNA, warn'd 255 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake Before the altar, and the vested priest, Like things of thee to all that present stood.

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This having heard, straight I again revolv'd The law and prophets, fearthing what was writ Concerning the MESSIAH, to our scribes 261 Known partly, and foon found of whom they spake I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie Through many a hard affay even to the death, Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, Or work redemption for mankind, whose fins Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head. Yet neither thus dishearten'd, or dismay'd, The time prefix'd I waited; when behold The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270 Not knew by fight) now come, who was to come Before Messiah, and his way prepare. I, as all others, to his baptism came, Which I believ'd was from above; but he Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd Me Him (for it was shew'n him so from heav'n) Me Him whose harbinger he was; and first Refus'd on me his baptism to confer, As much his greater, and was hardly won: But as I rose out of the laving stream, Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence The

14 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

The Spirit descended on me like a Dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounc'd me His,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I deriv'd from heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our morning star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side, beheld 295
A pathless desart, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod:
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,

Some-

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D.

15

Sometimes anon in shady vale, each night Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew, Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd; Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt 'Till those days ended; hunger'd then at last Among wild beafts: they at his fight grew mild, Nor fleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk 311 The fiery ferpent fled, and noxious worm, The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof. But now an aged man in rural weeds, (Following, as feem'd, the quest of some stray ewe, Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve 316 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen, To warm him, wet return'd from field at eve,) He faw approach, who first with curious eye 319 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd fpake.

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought.

16 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book L.

I ask the rather, and the more admire,

For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late

Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford

Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son

Of God: I saw and heard; for we sometimes, 330

Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come

To town or village nigh (nighest is far)

Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,

What happens new; same also finds us out. 334

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me Will bring me hence; no other guide I feek.

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far; 340
Men to much misery and hardship born:
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thy self, and us relieve 344
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended: and the Son of God reply'd. Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written (For I difcern thee other than thou feem'ft) Man lives not by bread only, but each word Proceeding from the mouth of God? who fed Our fathers here with manna; in the mount 351 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank; And forty days ELIJAH without food Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now: Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' arch fiend, now undif-'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate, Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n 360 With them from blifs, to the bottomless deep; Yet to that hideous place not fo confin'd By rigour un-conniving, but that oft Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy Large liberty, to round this globe of earth, 365 Or range in th'air, nor from the heav'n of heav'ns Hath he excluded my refort fometimes.

I came among the fons of God, when He Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job, To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370 And when to all his angels He propos'd To draw the proud king AHAB into fraud, That he might fall in RAMOTH, they demurring, I undertook that office, and the tongues Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375 To his destruction, as I had in charge: For what He bids I do. Though I have loft Much luftre of my native brightness, loft To be belov'd of Gop: I have not lost To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380 What I fee excellent in good, or fair, Or virtuous, I should so have lost all fense. What can be then less in me than desire To fee thee, and approach thee, whom I know Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent Thy wisdom, and behold thy god-like deeds? Men generally think me much a foe To all mankind: why should I? they to me Never did wrong, or violence; by them I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D.

I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell Copartner in these regions of the world, If not disposer; lend them oft my aid, Oft my advice by presages and signs, And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395 Whereby they may direct their future life. Envy they say excites me, thus to gain Companions of my misery and wo. At first it may be; but long since with wo Never acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400 That sellowship in pain divides not smart, Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load. Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd: This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man, Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end;
Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come
Into the heav'n of heav'ns: thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall

411

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Comes

19

Comes to the place where he before had fat Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd, Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, un-pitied, shun'd, A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn, 415 To all the host of heav'n: the happy place Imports to thee no happiness, no joy, Rather inflames thy torment, reprefenting Lost blifs, to thee no more communicable; So, never more in hell, than when in heav'n. 420 But thou art ferviceable to heav'n's king. Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear Extorts, or pleafure to do ill excites? What but thy malice mov'd thee to mif-deem Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him With all inflictions? but his patience won. The other fervice was thy chofen task, To be a lyar in four hundred mouths; For lying is thy fustenance, thy food. Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 430 By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true Among the nations? That hath been thy craft, By mixing fomewhat true to vent more lyes.

But,

But, what have been thy answers? what, but dark, Ambiguous, and with double fense deluding. 435 Which they who ask'd have feldom understood; And, not well understood, as good not known. Who ever by confulting at thy shrine Return the wifer, or the more instruct To flie or follow what concern'd him most, 440 And run not fooner to his fatal fnare? For God hath justly giv'n the nations up To thy delusions; justly, fince they fell Idolatrous: but when his purpose is Among them to declare his providence, To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy ftruth, But from him, or his angels prefident In ev'ry province? who themselves disdaining T'approach thy temple, give thee in command What to the fmallest tittle thou shalt fay 450 To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear, Or like a fawning parafite, obey'ft; Then to thy felf ascrib'st the truth foretold. But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd; No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455 The C 3

22 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and facrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now fent his loving oracle
Into the world, to teach his final will;
And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend, Though inly stung with anger and disdain, 466 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,

And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will

But misery hath wrested from me; where 470

Easily canst thou find one miserable,

And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,

If it may stand him more in stead to lye,

Say and un-say, seign, slatter, or abjure?

But thou art plac'd above me, thou art LORD; 475

From

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 23

From thee I can and must submiss endure Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit. Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk, Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th'ear, And tuneable as filvan pipe or fong; What wonder then if I delight to hear Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me To hear thee when I come (fince no man comes) And talk at least, tho' I despair to attain. Thy FATHER, who is holy, wife and pure, Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest To tread His facred courts, and minister About his altar, handling holy things, Praying or vowing; and vouchfaf'd His voice 490 To BALAAM reprobate, a prophet yet Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Savious with un-alter'd brow.

Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,

I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st

495

Permission from above; thou canst not more.

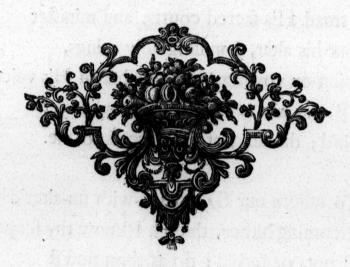
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24 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd,
Into thin air dissus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500
The desart, sowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.

The end of the first book.



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

Ean-while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd At JORDAN with the Baptist, and had seen Him whom they heard fo late expresly call'd JESUS MESSIAH, SON of GOD declar'd, And on that high authority had believ'd, And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, (I mean, ANDREW and SIMON, famous after known, With others, tho' in holy writ not nam'd,) Now miffing him their joy, fo lately found, So lately found, and fo abruptly gone, IO Began to doubt, and doubted many days,

And

26 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt. Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn-And for a time caught up to God, as once Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15 And the great THISBITE, who on fiery wheels Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come. Therefore as those young Prophets then with care Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these Nigh to BETHABARA; in JERICO 20 The city of palms, ÆNON, and SALEM old, MACHERUS, and each town or city wall'd On this fide the broad lake GENEZARET, Or in PEREA; but return'd in vain. Then on the bank of JORDAN, by a creek, Where winds with reeds and ofiers whisp'ring play Plain fishermen, no greater men them call, Close in a cottage low together got, Their unexpected loss and plaints out-breath'd. Alas! from what high hope to what relapse 30 Unlook'd-for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld MESSIAH certainly now come, so long Expected of our fathers; we have heard His words, His wisdom full of grace and truth; Now,

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 27 Now, now, for fure, deliverance is at hand, The kingdom shall to I SRAEL be restor'd: Thus we rejoic'd, but foon our joy is turn'd Into perplexity, and new amaze: For, whither is He gone? what accident Hath rapt him from us? will He now retire, 40 After appearance, and again prolong Our expectation? God of ISRAEL, Send thy MESSIAH forth, the time is come; Behold the kings of th'earth how they oppress Thy chosen, to what height their pow'r unjust They have exalted, and behind them cast 46 All fear of Thee; arife, and vindicate Thy glory, free Thy people from their yoke. But let us wait; thus far He hath perform'd, Sent His Anointed, and to us reveal'd Him 50 By His great Prophet, pointed at and shown In publick, and with Him we have convers'd: Let us be glad of this, and all our fears Lay on His providence; He will not fail, Nor will withdraw Him now, nor will recall, 55 Mock us with His bleft fight, then fnatch Him hence: Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus

28 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope refume
To find whom at the first they found un-fought:
But to his mother Mary, when she faw
60
Others return'd from Baptism, not her son,
Nor lest at Jordan, tidings of him none;
Within her breast, though calm; her breast, though
Motherly cares and sears got head, and rais'd [pure,
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O! what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that falute
Hail highly favour'd, among women blest!
While I to forrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore;
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd, to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A manger his: yet soon enforc'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, 'till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who sought his life; and missing, fill'd
With insant blood the streets of Bethlehem:
From Egpyt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 2

Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative, Little fuspicious to any king: but now Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear, By John the Baptist, and in publick shown, Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice: 85 I look'd for fome great change; to honour? no, But trouble, as old SIMEON plain foretold, That to the fall and rifing he should be Of many in ISRAEL, and to a fign Spoken against; that through my very foul A fword shall pierce; this is my favour'd lot, My exaltation to afflictions high. Afflicted I may be, it feems, and bleft; I will not argue that, nor will repine. But where delays he now? fome great intent Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen, I loft him, but fo found, as well I faw He could not lofe himfelf; but went about His FATHER's business; what he meant I mus'd. Since understand; much more his absence now 100 Thus long to fome great purpose he obscures. But I to wait with patience am inur'd;

1

My

Thus MARY pond'ring oft, and oft to mind Recalling what remarkably had pass'd, 106 Since first her falutation heard, with thoughts Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling. The while her fon tracing the defart wild, Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, Into himfelf descended, and at once All his great work to come before him fet: How to begin, how to accomplish best His end of being on earth, and mission high. For Satan, with fly preface to return, 115 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon Up to the middle region of thick air, Where all his Potentates in council fate: There without fign of boaft, or fign of joy, Sollicitous, and blank, he thus began. 120

Princes, Heav'ns antient Sons, Æthereal Thrones
Demonian spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd

Pow'rs

Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath, So may we hold our place, and these mild seats, Without new troubles! fuch an enemy Is rifen to invade us, who no less Threatens than our expulsion down to hell: I, as I undertook, and with the vote Consenting in full frequence was impower'd, 130 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but find Far other labour to be undergon Than when I dealt with ADAM, first of men: Though ADAM by his wife's allurement fell: However to this man inferior far, If he be man by mother's fide at least, With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd Perfections absolute, graces divine, And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds. Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence Of my fuccess with Eve in Paradise Deceive ye, to perfuafion over-fure Of like fucceeding here: I fummon all Rather to be in readiness, with hand Or counsel to affift; left I, who erft Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

32 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

So spake th'old serpent doubting, and from all With clamour was affur'd their utmost aid, At his command; when from amidst them rose Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell, 150 The sensuallest, and, after Asmodal, The slessliss Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk, Among daughters of men the fairest found; Many are in each region paffing fair As the noon sky; more like to goddesses Than mortal creatures, graceful, and discreet, Expert in am'rous arts, enchanting tongues Perfuafive, virgin majefty with mild And fweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach, 160 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw Hearts after them tangl'd in amorous nets. Such object hath the pow'r to foft'n and tame Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow, Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165 Draw out with credulous defire, and lead At will the manlieft, resolutest breast, As the magnetic hardest iron draws.

Women,

Women, when nothing elfe, beguil'd the heart Of wifest Solomon, and made him build, 170 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer SATAN thus return'd: BELIAL, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st All others by thy felf: because of old Thou thy felf doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring, Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace, 176 None are, thou think'ft, but taken with fuch toys. Before the flood thou with thy lufty crew, False titled sons of God, roaming the earth, Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180 And coupled with them, and begot a race. Have we not feen, or by relation heard, In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'dft, In wood or grove, by mossie fountain side, In valley or green meadow, to way-lay Some beauty rare, CALISTO, CLYMENE, DAPHNE, OF SEMELE, ANTIOPA, Or AMYMONE, SYRINX, many more Too long, then layd'st thy scapes on names ador'd, APOLLO, NEPTUNE, JUPITER, OF PAN, 190 D Satyr,

PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? but these haunts Delight not all; among the fons of men, How many have, with a fmile, made fmall account Of beauty and her lures, eafily fcorn'd All her affaults, on worthier things intent?

Remember that Pellean conqueror, A youth, how all the beauties of the east He flightly view'd, and flightly overpass'd! How he firnam'd of AFRICA dismiss'd, In his prime youth, the fair IBERIAN maid. 200 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond Higher defign than to enjoy his state; Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd: But He whom we attempt is wifer far 205 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind, Made and fet wholly on th'accomplishment Of greatest things; what woman will you find, Though of this age the wonder and the fame, On whom his leifure will vouchfafe an eye Of fond defire? or should she consident. As fitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,

Descend

Descend with all her winning charms begirt T'enamour, as the zone of VENUS once Wrought that effect on love, fo fables tell; 215 How would one look from his majestick brow, Seated as on the top of virtue's hill, Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout All her array, her female pride deject, Or turn to rev'rent awe? for beauty stands In th'admiration only of weak minds Led captive; cease t'admire, and all her plumes Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy, At every sudden flighting quite abasht: Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225 His constancy, with such as have more shew Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise, Rocks whereon greatest men have often wreck'd: Or that which only feems to fatisfie Lawful defires of nature, not beyond. And now I know he hungers where no food Is to be found, in the wild wilderness; The rest commit to me, I shall let pass No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He

36 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 236
Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were, to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part; 240
Then to the desart takes with these his slight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hungring sirst, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd Wandring this woody maze, and human food 246 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast To virtue I impute not, or count part Of what I suffer here: if nature need not, Or God support nature without repast, 250 Though needing, what praise is it to endure? But now I feel I hunger, which declares Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God Can satisfie that need some other way, Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255 Without this body's wasting, I content me,

And

And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it; fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me, hungring more to do my FATHER's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son Commun'd in filent walk, then laid him down 261 Under the hospitable covert nigh Of trees thick interwoven; there he flept, And dream'd (as appetite is wont to dream) Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet; Him thought, he by the brook of CHERITH stood, And faw the ravens with their horny beaks Food to ELIJAH bringing, even and morn; Tho' rav'nous, taught t'abstain from what they He faw the Prophet also how he fled Into the defart, and how there he flept 27E Under a juniper; then how awak'd, He found his supper on the coals prepar'd, And by the angel was bid rife and eat, And eat the fecond time after repofe, 275 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days; Sometimes that with ELIJAH he partook, Or as a guest with DANIEL at his pulse.

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Thus

38 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Thus wore out night: and now the herald lark Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280 The morn's approach, and greet her with his fong: As lightly from his graffie couch up rofe Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream; Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd. Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285 From whose high top to ken the prospect round, If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd: But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he faw, Only in a bottom faw a pleafant grove, With chaunt of tuneful birds refounding loud: Thither he bent his way, determin'd there 291 To rest at noon; and enter'd soon the shade High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown, That open'd in the midst a woody scene; Nature's own work it feem'd (nature taught art) And to a superstitious eye the haunt 296 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round, When fuddenly a man before him stood, Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad. As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300 And with fair speech these words to him address'd. With

With granted leave officious I return, But much more wonder that the Son of Goo In this wild folitude fo long should bide, Of all things destitute; and well I know, Not without hunger. Others of some note, As story tells, have trod this wilderness; The fugitive bond-woman with her fon, Out-cast NEBAIOTH, yet found here relief By a providing angel; all the race 310 Of ISRAEL here had famish'd, had not God Rain'd from heav'n manna; and that Prophet bold, Native of THESBE, wandring here was fed, Twice by a voice inviting him to eat; Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315 Forty and more deferted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus: What conclud'st thou They all had need; I, as thou seess, have none.

How hast thou hunger then? SATAN reply'd. Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320 Would'st thou not eat? Thereaster as I like The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that

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Cause thy refusal? said the subtle siend.

Hast thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee 325

Duty and service, not to stay 'till bid,

But tender all their power? nor mention I

Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first

To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;

Nor proffer'd by an enemy; though who 330

Would scruple that, with want oppress? behold

Nature asham'd, or better to express,

Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd

From all the elements her choicest store,

To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord 335

With honour: only deign to sit, and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,
Our Saviour, listing up his eyes, beheld
In ample space, under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest fort
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all sish from sea or shore,

4 Freshet,

Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd PONTUS and LUCRINE bay, and AFRIC coast. Alas how fimple, to these cates compar'd, Was that crude apple that diverted Eve! And, at a stately side-board, by the wine That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue Than GANYMEDE OF HYLAS: distant more Under the trees now tripp'd, now folemn flood Nymphs of DIANA's train, and NAIADES, 355 With fruits and flow'rs from AMALTHEA's horn, And ladies of th' HESPERIDES, that feem'd Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd fince, Of fairy damfels met in forest wide, By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360 LANCELOT, OF PELLEAS, OF PELLENORE. And all the while harmonious airs were heard Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds Of gentlest gale ARABIAN odours fann'd From their foft wings, and FLORA's earliest smells. Such was the fplendor; and the Tempter now His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What,

42 PARADISE REGAIN'D Book II.

What, doubts the Son of God to sit, and eat? These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict Desends the touching of these viands pure, 370 Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil, But life preserves, destroys life's enemy, Hunger, with sweet restorative delight. All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs. Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord: What doubt'st thou, Son of God? sit down, and eat,

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd:
Saidst thou not that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift slights of angels ministrant,
Array'd in glory, on my cup t'attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd SATAN malecontent:
That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place 396
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do, or offer, is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far-set spoil. With
Both table and provision vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides;
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High

44 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev'd? Great acts require great means of enterprise; Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth, A carpenter thy father known, thy felf Bred up in poverty and streights at home; Lost in a defart here, and hunger-bit: Which way, or from what hope, doit thou aspire To greatness? whence authority deriv'st? What followers, what retinue canst thou gain, Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost? Mony brings honour, friends, conquest and realms. What rais'd ANTIPATER the Edomite, And his fon HEROD plac'd on Juda's throne, (Thy throne) but gold, that got him puissant friends? Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive, Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap; Not difficult, if thou hearken to me: Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand; They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430 While virtue, valour, wifdom fit in want.

To whom thus JESUS patiently reply'd: Yet wealth without these three is impotent

To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd. Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd: But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd In lowest poverty to highest deeds; GIDEON and JEPHTHA, and the shepherd lad, Whose off-spring on the throne of Juda H sat 440 So many ages, and shall yet regain That feat, and reign in ISRAEL without end. Among the heathen, (for throughout the world To me is not unknown what hath been done Worthy memorial) canst thou not remember 445 QUINTUS, FABRICIUS, CURIUS, REGULUS? For I esteem those names of men so poor, Who could do mighty things, and could contemn Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings. And what in me feems wanting, but that I 450 May also in this poverty as soon Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more? Extol not riches then, the toyl of fools, The wife man's cumbrance, if not fnare, more apt To flacken virtue, and abate her edge, Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise. What

46 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

What if with like aversion I reject Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown. Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns, Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights To him who wears the regal diadem, When on his shoulders 'each man's burden lies: For therein stands the office of a king, His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise, That for the publick all this weight he bears. 465 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king; Which ev'ry wife and virtuous man attains: And who attains not, ill aspires to rule Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes; 470 Subject himself to anarchy within, Or lawless passions in him which he serves. But to guide nations in the way of truth By faving doctrine, and from error lead To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475 Is yet more kingly; this attracts the foul, Governs the inner man, the nobler part; That other o'er the body only reigns, And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind

47

So reigning can be no fincere delight.

Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a scepter, oftest better miss'd.

486

The end of the second book.



46 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IL

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PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God; and Satan stood A-while as mute, consounded what to say, What to reply, consuted and convinc'd Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift: At length collecting all his Serpent wiles, 5 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart so
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.

Should

Should kings and nations from thy mouth confult, Thy counsel would be as the oracle URIM and THUMMIM, those oraculous gems On AARON's breast, or tongue of seers old Infallible; or wert thou fought to deeds That might require th' array of war, thy skill Of conduct would be fuch, that all the world Could not fustain thy prowess, or subsist In battel, though against thy few in arms. These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide, Affecting private life, or more obscure In favage wilderness? wherefore deprive All earth her wonder at thy acts, thy felf The fame and glory? glory, the reward 25 That fole excites to high attempts, the flame Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise, All treasures and all gain esteem as dross, And dignities and pow'rs, all but the highest. 30 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the fon Of MACEDONIAN PHILIP had ere these Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down E The

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50 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode. 36 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature, Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment. Great Julius, whom now all the world admires, The more he grew in years, the more enflam'd With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long 41 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our SAVIOUR calmly thus reply'd. Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth For empire's fake, nor empire to affect 45 For glory's fake, by all thy argument. For, what is glory, but the blaze of fame, The peoples praife, if always praife unmixt? And, what the people, but a herd confus'd, A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise? Things vulgar, and well weigh'd fcarce worth the They praise and they admire they know not what, And know not whom, but as one leads the other: And, what delight to be by fuch extoll'd, To live upon their tongues, and be their talk, 55 Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?

His

His lot who dares be fingularly good. Th'intelligent among them and the wife Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd. This is true glory and renown, when Gop Looking on th'earth, with approbation marks The just man, and divulges him through heav'n To all his angels, who with true applause Recount his praifes; thus he did to JoB, When to extend his fame through heav'n and earth, (Asthou to thy reproach may'st well remember) 66 He ask'd thee, Haft thou feen my servant JoB? Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known; Where glory is false glory, attributed To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. They err, who count it glorious to fubdue By conquest far and wide, to over-run Large countries, and in field great battels win, Great cities by affault: what do these worthies, But rob and spoil, burn, flaughter, and enflave 75 Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote? Made captive, yet deferving freedom more Than those their conquerors, who leave behind Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,

E 2

And

52 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy: 80 Then fwell with pride, and must be titled gods, Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers, Worship'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice; One is the fon of Jove, of Mars the other, 'Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd, Violent or shameful death their due reward. But if there be in glory aught of good, It may by means far different be attain'd Without ambition, war, or violence; 90 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent, By patience, temperance; I mention still Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience born Made famous, in a land and times obscure: Who names not now with honour patient JoB? Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?) 96 By what he taught, and fuffer'd for fo doing, For truth's fake fuffering death unjust, lives now Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors. Yet if for fame and glory aught be done. 100 Aught fuffer'd; if young AFRICAN, for fame His wasted country freed from Punic rage,

The

The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd:
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great FATHER; He seeks glory,
And for His glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; not content in heav'n
By all His angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all facrifice, or hallow'd gift
Is Glory He requires, and glory He receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
Is From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory He exacts.

To whom our Sayloua fervently reply'd.

And reason, since His Word all things produc'd,

Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,

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But

54 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

But to shew forth His goodness, and impart His good communicable t'ev'ry foul 125 Freely; of whom what could He less expect Than glory and benediction, that is thanks? The flightest, easiest, readiest recompence From them, who could return Him nothing else; And not returning what would likeliest render Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy? 131 Hard recompence, unfutable return For fo much good, fo much beneficence! But why should man seek glory? who of his own Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame? Who for so many benefits receiv'd, Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false, And fo of all true good himself despoil'd: Yet, facrilegious, to himfelf would take 140 That which to God alone of right belongs. Yet fo much bounty is in God, fuch grace, That who advance His glory, not their own, Them He himself to glory will advance,

So spake the Son of God; and here again 145 SATAN had not to answer, but stood struck

With guilt of his own fin; for he himself Insatiable of glory had lost all: Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory as thou wilt, faid he, fo deem, Worth or not worth their feeking, let it pass: But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd To fit upon thy father DAVID's throne; By mother's fide thy father; though thy right Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155 Eafily from possession won with arms; JUDEA now, and all the promis'd land, Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke, Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated 160 The temple, oft the law with foul affronts, Abominations rather, as did once ANTIOCHUS: and think'st thou to regain Thy right by fitting still, or thus retiring? So did not MACHABEUS: he indeed 165 Retir'd into the defart, but with arms; And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd, That by strong hand his family obtain'd, E 4 Tho'

PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Tho' priefts, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd, With MODIN and her fuburbs once content. 170 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal And duty; zeal and duty are not flow, But on occasion's forelock watchful wait. They themselves rather are occasion best, Zeal of thy FATHER's house, duty to free 175 Thy country from her heathen servitude; So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie The Prophets old, who fung thy endless reign: The happier reign the fooner it begins. 179 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Savious answer thus return'd. All things are best fulfill'd in their due time; And time there is for all things, truth hath faid: If of my reign prophetick writ hath told, That it shall never end, so when begin 185 The FATHER in his purpose hath decreed, He in whose hand all times and seasons roll. What if He hath decreed that I shall first Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse, By tribulations, injuries, infults, 190

Contempts,

Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence, Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting, Without distrust or doubt; that He may know What I can suffer, how obey? Who best Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195 Well hath obey'd; just tryal, ere I merit My exaltation without change or end. But what concerns it thee when I begin My everlasting kingdom, why art thou Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall, And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, reply'd:

Let that come when it comes; all hope is loft

Of my reception into grace; what worse?

For where no hope is left, is left no fear.

If there be worse, the expectation more

Of worse torments me, than the feeling can.

I would be at the worst; worst is my port,

My harbour, and my ultimate repose,

The end I would attain, my final good.

My error was my error, and my crime

My

58 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book H.

My crime; whatever for it felf condemn'd. And will alike be punish'd; whether thou Reign, or reign not: though to that gentle brow Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign, From that placid aspect and meek regard. Rather than aggravate my evil state, Would stand between me and thy FATHER's ire, (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell) 220 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool Interpolition, as a fummer's cloud. If I then to the worst that can be haste. Why move thy feet to flow to what is best, Happiest both to thy felf and all the world, That thou who worthieftart shouldst be their king! Perhaps thou lingrest, in deep thoughts detain'd Of th'enterprize, so hazardous and high; No wonder: for the' in thee be united What of perfection can in man be found, Or human nature can receive, consider, Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns, And once a year JER USALEM, few days Short fojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe? The

The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory, Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts Best school of best experience, quickest in fight In all things that to greatest actions lead. The wifest, unexperienc'd, will be ever Tim'rous and loth, with novice modefty, (As he who feeking affes found a kingdom) Irrefolute, unhardy, unadventrous: But I will bring thee where thou foon shalt quit Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245 The monarchies of th'earth, their pomp and state, Sufficient introduction to inform Thee, of thy felf so apt, in regal arts, And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he
The Son of God up to a mountain high,
It was a mountain at whose verdant seet
A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd 255
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and less between
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,

Then

60 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Then meeting join'd their tribute to the fea,

Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine, [hills;

With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the

Huge cities and high towr'd, that well might feem

The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large

The prospect was, that here and there was room

For barren desart sountainless and dry.

264

To this high mountain top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale, Forest, and sield, and slood, temples and tow'rs Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270 Arakes and the Caspian lake, thence on As far as Indus east, Euphrates west, And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay, And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:

Here Nineve, of length within her wall 275 Sev'ral days journey, built by Ninus old, Of that first golden monarchy the seat, And seat of Salmanassar, whose success Israel in long captivity still mourns;

There

B

1

A

I

I

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. There BABYLON, the wonder of all tongues, 280 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice JUDAH and all thy father DAVID's house, Led captive, and JERUSALEM laid waste, Till Cyrus fet them free; Persepolis His city there thou feeft, and BACTRA there; ECBATANA her structure vast there shews, And HECATOMPYLOS her hundred gates; There Susa by CHOASPES, amber stream, The drink of none but kings; of later fame Built by EMATHIAN, or by PARTHIAN hands, The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there ARTAXATA, TEREDON, CTESIPHON, Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold. All thefe the PARTHIAN, now some ages past, By great ARSACES led, who founded first 295 That empire, under his dominion holds, From the luxurious kings of ANTIOCH won. And just in time thou com'st to have a view Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king

In CTESIPHON hath gather'd all his host

Have wasted SOGDIANA; to her aid

Against the SCYTHIAN, whose incursions wild

62 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II

He marches now in haste; see, though from far, His thousands, in what martial equipage

They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms, Of equal dread in slight, or in pursuit; 306

All horsemen, in which sight they most excel; See how in warlike muster they appear, In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He look'd, and faw what numbers numberless 310 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops In coats of mail, and military pride; In mail their horfes clad, yet fleet and strong, Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315 From Arachosia, from Gandaor east, And MARGIANA to the HIRCANIAN cliffs Of CAUCASUS, and dark IBERIAN dales, From ATROPATIA and the neighb'ring plains Of ADIABENE, MEDIA, and the fouth 320 Of Susiana, to Balsara's hav'n. He faw them in their forms of battel rang'd, How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them ffhot Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face

Of their purfuers, and overcame by flight; 325 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown, Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn Cuiraffiers all in steel, for standing fight; Chariots or elephants endorst with tow'rs Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers, A multitude with fpades and axes arm'd To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill, Or, where plain was, raife hill, or overlay With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke; Mules after thefe, camels and dromedaries, 335 And waggons fraught with utenfils of war. Such forces met not, nor fo wide a camp, When AGRICAN with all his northern pow'rs Besieg'd ALBRACCA, as romances tell; The city of GALLAPHRONE, from thence to win The fairest of her fex, ANGELICA, His daughter, fought by many prowest knights, Both PAYNIM, and the peers of CHARLEMANE. Such and fo numerous was their chivalry; At fight whereof the fiend yet more prefum'd, 345 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That

That thou may'ft know I feek not to engage Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way fecure On no flight grounds thy fafety; hear, and mark To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn All this fair fight: thy kingdom, though foretold 351 By prophet or by angel, unless thou Endeavour, as thy father DAVID did, Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still, In all things, and all men, supposes means; 355 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes. But, fay thou wert posses'd of DAVID's throne By free consent of all, none opposite, SAMARITAN OF JEWS; how could'st thou hope Long to enjoy it quiet and fecure, 360 Between two fuch enclosing enemies, ROMAN, and PARTHIAN? therefore one of these Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first, By my advice, as nearer, and of late Found able by invasion to annoy 365 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings ANTIGONUS, and old HYRCANUS, bound, Maugre the ROMAN: it shall be my task To render thee the PARTHIAN at dispose; Chuse

Chuse which thou wilt, by conquest, or by league. By him thou shalt regain, without him not, That which alone can truly re-inftal thee In DAVID's royal feat, his true fucceffor, Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten tribes Whose off-spring in his territory yet serve 375 In HABOR, and among the MEDES dispers'd, Ten fons of JACOB, two of JOSEPH lost Thus long from I SRAEL; ferving, as of old Their fathers in the land of Egypt ferv'd. This offer fets before thee to deliver. 380 These if from servitude thou shalt restore To their inheritance, then, nor 'till then, Thou on the throne of DAVID in full glory, From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond, 384 Shalt reign, and ROME or CASAR not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmov'd. Much oftentation vain of fleshly arm, And fragile arms, much instrument of war, Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought, Before mine eyes thou'ast set; and in my ear 390 Vented much policy, and projects deep

F

Of enemies, of aids, battels, and leagues, Plaufible to the world, to me worth naught. Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else Will un-predict, and fail me of the throne: My time, I told thee (and that time for thee Were better farthest off) is not yet come; When that comes, think not thou to find me flack On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need Thy politick maxims, or that cumberfome Luggage of war there shewn me, argument Of human weakness, rather than of strength. My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes I must deliver, if I mean to reign DAVID's true heir, and his full scepter sway 405 To just extent over all Israel's fons. But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then For ISRAEL, or for DAVID, or his throne, When thou flood'st up his tempter to the pride Of numb'ring I SRAEL, which cost the lives 410 Of threescore and ten thousand ISRAELITES By three days peffilence? fuch was thy zeal To ISRAEL then, the fame that now to me. As for those captive tribes, themselves were they Who

Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415 From God to worship calves, and deities Of EGYPT, BAAL next, and ASHTAROTH, And all th'idolatries of heathen round, Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes; Nor in the land of their captivity 420 Humbled themselves, or penitent belought The God of their fore-fathers; but so dy'd Impenitent, and left a race behind Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce From Gentiles, but by circumcifion vain, And God with idols in their worship join'd. Should I of these the liberty regard, Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony, Un-humbled, un-repentant, un-reform'd, Headlong wou'd follow; and to their gods perhaps Of BETHEL and of DAN? no, let them ferve 431 Their enemies, who ferve idols with God. Yet He at length, time to himself best known, Remembring ABRAHAM, by fome wond'rous call May bring them back repentant and fincere, 435 And at their paffing cleave th' Assyrian flood, While to their native land with joy they hafte;

F 2

As

As the red sea and JORDAN once He clest, When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd; To His due time and providence I leave them. 440

So spake I SRAEL's true king; and to the fiend Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles. So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The end of the third book.



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

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BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad fuccess
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply.
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
Io,
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spight,

Still will be tempting him who foyls him still, And never cease, though to his shame the more; Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, 15 About the wine-press where sweet moust is pour'd, Beat off, returns as oft with humming found; Or furging waves against a folid rock, Though all to shivers dash'd, th'assault renew, Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20 So SATAN, whom repulse upon repulse Met ever, and to shameful silence brought, Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of success, And his vain importunity purfues. He brought our Saviour to the western side Of that high mountain, whence he might behold Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide, Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and feats of men From cold Septentrion blafts, thence in the midst Divided by a river, of whose banks On each fide an imperial city stood, With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate On fev'n fmall hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35

Porches,

Porches, and theaters, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens, and groves prefented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd.
By what strange parallax, or optick skill
Of vision, multiply'd through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The city which thou feeft, no other deem Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 46 Of nations; there the capitol thou feest Above the rest lifting his stately head On the TARPEIAN rock, her cittadel Impregnable; and there mount PALATINE, 50 Th'imperial palace, compass huge, and high The structure, skill of noblest architects, With gilded battlements, conspicuous far, Turrets, and terrafes, and glitt'ring spires. Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55 Houses of gods (so well I have dispos'd My airy microscope) thou may'ft behold F 4 Out-

B

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Ti

To

Outfide and infide both, pillars and roofs, Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see What conflux iffuing forth, or entring in, Pretors, proconfuls to their provinces Hasting, or on return, in robes of state; Lictors and rods, the enfigns of their pow'r, Legions and cohorts, turmes of horse, and wings: Or embaffies from regions far remote In various habits on the Appian road. Or on th' EMILIAN; some from farthest south, Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70 MEROE, NILOTIC isle; and more to west, The realm of Bocchus to the black-moor fea: From th' Asian kings and Parthian, among thefe, From India, and the golden CHERSONESE, And utmost Indian isle TAPROBANE, Dusk faces with white filken turbant wreath'd; From GALLIA, GADES, and the BRITISH West, GERMANS and SCYTHIANS, and SARMATIANS north Beyond DANUBIUS to the TAURIC pool. All nations now to ROME obedience pay, 80

To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain, In ample territory, wealth, and pow'r, Civility of manners, arts and arms, And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer 84 Before the PARTHIAN: these two thrones except, The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight, Shar'd among petty kings, too far remov'd: These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory. This emp'ror hath no fon, and now is old, Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd To CAPREE, an island small but strong On the CAMPANIAN shore, with purpose there His horrid lusts in private to enjoy, Committing to a wicked favourite All publick cares, and yet of him fuspicious; Hated of all, and hating; with what ease, Indu'd with regal virtues as thou art, Appearing, and beginning noble deeds, Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne, Now made a ftye, and in his place afcending A victor, people free from fervile yoke? And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r

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Of

Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.

Aim therefore at no less than all the world, ros

Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd

Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,

On David's throne, be prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd. Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show Of luxury, though call'd magnificence, More than of arms before, allure mine eye, Much less my mind; tho' thou should'st add to tell Their fumptuous gluttonics, and gorgeous feasts On CITTRON tables, or ATLANTIC stone, 115 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read) Their wines of SETIA, CALES, and FALERNE, CHIOS and CREET, and how they quaff in gold, Chrystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems And studs of pearl, to me shou'dst tell, who thirst And hunger still: then embassies thou shew'st 121 From nations far and nigh; what honour that, But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear So many hollow compliments and lies, Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125

Of th'emperor, how eafily fubdu'd; How gloriously, I shall, thou say'st, expel A brutish monster: what if I withal Expel a devil, who first made him such? Let his tormenter conscience find him out. For him I was not fent, nor yet to free That people, victor once, now vile and base, Deservedly made vasfal, who once just, Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well, But govern ill the nations under yoke, Peeling their provinces, exhausted all By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown Of triumph, that infulting vanity; Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd Of fighting beafts, and men to beafts expos'd, 140 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still, And from the daily scene effeminate. What wife and valiant man would feek to free These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd, Or could of inward flaves make outward free? 145 Know therefore, when my feafon comes to fit On DAVID's throne, it shall be like a tree, Spreading and overshad'wing all the earth;

Or

Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this; but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd: I fee all offers made by me how flight 155 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st: Nothing will please the difficult and nice, Or nothing more than still to contradict: On th'other fide know also thou, that I On what I offer fet as high esteem, 160 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought: All these which in a moment thou behold'st, The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give; For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please, No trifle; yet with this referve, not elfe, 169 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down, And worship me as thy superior lord, Eafily done, and hold them all of me: For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom

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Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain: I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less; Now both abhor, fince thou hast dar'd to utter Th'abominable terms, impious condition: But I endure the time, 'till which expir'd, Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve; And dar'it thou to the Son of God propound To worship thee accurst, now more accurst For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue. The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n? Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd: Other donation none thou canst produce: If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185 God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee, By thee how fairly is the giver now Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost Long fince. Wert thou so void of fear or shame, As offer them to me, the Son of God, 190 To me my own, on fuch abhorred pact, That I fall down and worship thee as God?

Get

MC

Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st.

That evil one, SATAN for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend, with fear abasht, reply'd Be not so fore offended, Son of God; 196 Though Sons of God both angels are and men, If I to try whether in higher fort Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd What both from men and angels I receive, Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds, God of this world invok'd, and world beneath; Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold To me fo fatal, me it most concerns. 205 The tryal hath endamag'd thee no way, Rather more honour left, and more efteem; Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd. Therefore let pass, as they are transitory, 209 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not. And thou thy felf feem'st otherwise enclin'd Than to a worldly crown, addicted more To contemplation and profound dispute,

As

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N

As by that early action may be judg'd, When flipping from thy mother's eye thou went'ft Alone into the temple, there wast found Among the gravest rabbies disputant On points and questions fitting Moses' chair, Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the man, As morning shews the day. Be famous then By wisdom; as thy empire must extend, So let extend thy mind o'er all the world, In knowledge, all things in it comprehend: All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote; The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach To admiration, led by nature's light; And with the Gentiles much thou must converse, Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st; Without their learning, how wilt thou with them, Or they with thee hold conversation meet? How wilt thou reason with them, how resute Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes? Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount, Westward, much nearer by fouth-west, behold Where

As

Where on th' ÆGEAN shore a city stands Built nobly, pure the air, and light the foil, ATHENS, the eye of GREECE, mother of arts 240 And eloquence, native to famous wits Or hospitable, in her sweet recess, City or fuburb, studious walks and shades; See there the olive grove of ACADEME, PLATO's retirement, where the ATTIC bird 245 Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the fummer long; There flow'ry hill HYMETTUS, with the found Of bees industrious murmur, oft invites To studious musing; there ILISSUS rolls 249 His whifp'ring stream: within the walls then view The schools of ancient sages; his who bred Great ALEXANDER to fubdue the world, LYCEUM there, and painted STOA next: There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r Of harmony in tones and numbers, hit By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse, ÆOLIAN charms, and DORIAN LYRIC odes, And his who gave them breath, but higher fung, Blind MELESIGENES, thence HOMER call'd, Whose poem PHOEBUS challeng'd for his own. Thence

Thence what the lofty grave tragoedians taught In CHORUS or IAMBIC, teachers best Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd, In brief fententious precepts while they treat 264 Of fate and chance, and change in human life; High actions, and high passions best describing: Thence to the famous orators repair, Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence Wielded at will that fierce democratie, 269 Shook th' arfenal, and fulmin'd over GREECE To Macedon, and ARTAXERXES' throne. To fage philosophy next lend thine ear, From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house Of Socrates: fee there his tenement. Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd Wifest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools Of academies old and new, with those Sirnam'd PERIPATETICKS, and the fect EPICUREAN, and the STOIC fevere. 280 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'ft, at home, Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight; Thefe

These rules will render thee a king compleat Within thy self, much more with empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour fagely thus reply'd. 286 Think not, but that I know these things; or think I know them not: not therefore am I short Of knowing what I aught: he who receives Light from above, from the fountain of light, No other doctrine needs, though granted true; But these are false, or little else but dreams, Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm. The first and wifest of them all profes'd To know this only, that he nothing knew; 294 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits; A third fort doubted all things, though plain sense; Others in virtue plac'd felicity, But virtue join'd with riches and long life; In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease: The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300 By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man, Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing, -Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer, As fearing God nor man, contemning all Wealth

Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life, Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can: For all his tedious talk is but vain boaft, Or fubtle shifts, conviction to evade. Alas what can they teach, and not mif-lead; Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310 And how the world began, and how man fell Degraded by himfelf, on grace depending? Much of the foul they talk, but all awry, And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves All glory arrogate, to God give none; 315 Rather accuse him under usual names. Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite Of mortal things. Who therefore feeks in thefe True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 329 An empty cloud. However, many books Wife men have faid are wearifom; who reads Inceffantly, and to his reading brings not A spirit and judgment equal or superior, (And what he brings, what needs he elfewhere feek) Uncertain and unfettled still remains, Deep verst in books, and shallow in himself,

G 2

Crude

Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys And trifles for choice matters, worth a fpunge; As children gath'ring pibles on the shore. 330 Or if I would delight my private hours With musick or with poem, where so soon As in our native language can I find That folace? all our law and flory strew'd With hymns, our pfalms with artful terms inscrib'd. Our hebrew fongs and harps in BABYLON That pleas'd fo well our victors ear, declare That rather GREECE from us these arts deriv'd: Ill imitated, while they loudest fing The vices of their deities, and their own. 340 In fable, hymn, or fong, fo perfonating Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame Remove their swelling epithets thick laid, As varnish on a harlot's cheek: the rest. Thin fown with aught of profit or delight, 345 Will far be found unworthy to compare With Sion's fongs, to all true taffes excelling, Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men The Holiest of holies, and His saints: Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; Unles

Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 360.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays citys slat;
These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent, Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts, Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught By me propos'd in life contemplative,

Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,

G 3

What

What dost thou in this world? the wilderness For thee is fittest place; I found thee there, And thither will return thee: yet remember What I foretell thee, foon thou shalt have cause To wish thou never hadst rejected thus Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid, Which wou'd have fet thee in short time with ease On David's throne, or throne of all the world, Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd. Now contrary, if I read aught in heav'n, Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars Voluminous, or fingle characters In their conjunction met, give me to fpell, 385 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate, Attends thee, fcorns, reproaches, injuries, Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death; A kingdom they portend thee; but, what kingdom? Real, or allegoric, I difcern not; 390 Nor when: eternal fure; as without end, Without beginning; for no date prefixt, Directs me, in the starry rubric set.

So faying, he took, (for still he knew his pow'r Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness Brought back the Son of God, and left him there, Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose; As day-light funk, and brought in lowring night Her shad'wy off-spring, un-substantial both, Privation meer of light, and absent day. Our Saviour meek, and with un-troubled mind, After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd fore, Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest, Wherever, under some concourse of shades 404 Whofe branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head, But shelter'd slept in vain; for at his head The Tempter watch'd, and foon with ugly dreams Disturb'd his sleep, and either tropic now 409 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire In ruin reconcil'd: nor flept the winds Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad From the four hinges of the world, and fell On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,

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Though

Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts, Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then. O patient Son of God, yet only stoods Un-shaken. Nor yet staid the terror there; Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round [shriek'd Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou Sat'st un-appal'd, in calm and sinless peace. Thus pass'd the night so foul, 'till morning fair Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray, Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds, And grifly spectres which the fiend had rais'd, 430 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire. And now the fun with more effectual beams Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds, Who all things now behold more fresh and green, After a night of storm so ruinous, Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray, To gratulate the fweet return of morn; Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn

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Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
And mad despight, to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God, After a dismal night; I heard the rack As earth and sky would mingle; but my self Was distant; and these slaws, tho' mortals fear As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n, them Or to the earth's dark basis underneath, Are to the main as inconsiderable, And harmless, if not wholesom, as a sneeze To man's less universe, and soon are gone; 459 Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,

Like

Like turbulencies in the affairs of men, Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point, They oft fore-fignifie and threaten ill: This tempest at this defart most was bent; Of men, at thee; for only thou here dwell'ft. Did I not tell thee, if thou didft reject The perfect feafon offer'd with my aid To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when, (For both the when and how is no where told) Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt; For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing The time and means: each act is rightliest done, Not when it must, but when it may be best. 476 If thou observe not this, be sure to find, What I foretold thee, many a hard affay Of dangers, and adversities, and pains, Ere thou of Israel's scepter get fast hold; 480 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round, So many terrors, voices, prodigies, May warn thee, as a fure fore-going fign.

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So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on, and staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worse than wet thou sind'st not; other harm Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none; I never sear'd they could, though noising loud And threatning nigh: what they can do as signs Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee; Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing, Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee, Ambitious spirit, and wou'dst be thought my god, And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrise 496 Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, reply'd:
Then hear, O son of David, virgin-born; 500
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.
Of the Messiah I have heard fore-told
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,

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And of th'angelic fong in Bethlehem field, 505 On thy birth-night, that fung thee Saviour born; From that time feldom have I ceas'd to eye Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth, Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred; 'Till at the ford of JORDAN, Whither all 510 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest, Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heav's Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view And narrower ferunity, that I might learn 515 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd The Son of God, which bears no fingle fense: The Son of God I also am, or was: And if I was, I am; relation stands: All men are Sons of GoD; yet thee I thought In some respect far higher so declar'd. 521 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour, And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild: Where by all best conjectures I collect Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek To understand my adversary, who

And

And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
By parl, or composition, truce or league
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a center, firm 534
To th'utmost of mere man, both wise and good:
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540

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So faying he caught him up, and without wing Of Hippogrif bore through the air fublime, Over the wilderness, and o'er the plain; 'Till underneath them fair Jerusalem, The holy city, lifted high her tow'rs, 545 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd Her pile, far off appearing like a mount Of alabaster, top'd with golden spires: There on the highest pinnacle he set The Son of God; and added thus in scorn: 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand, Cast thy self down; safely, if Son of God: 555 For it is written, He will give command Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands They shall uplift thee, lest at any time Thou chance to dash thy soot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written, 560
Tempt not the Lordthy God. He said, and stood
But Satan smitten with amazement sell,
As when earth's son Antaus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irans a sas strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft soil'd still rose, 560
Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
Fresh from his sall, and siercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th'air, expir'd and sell:
So after many a soil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor sall.
And as that Theban monster that propos'd

Her

Her riddle, and him, who folv'd it not, devour'd: That once found out and folv'd, for grief and fpight Cast her felf headlong from th' Ismenian steep; So strook with dread and anguish fell the fiend. And to his crew that fat confulting, brought Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success, Ruin, and desperation, and dismay, Who durft so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580 So SATAN fell; and strait a fiery globe Of angels on full fail of wing flew nigh, Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him foft From his uneasse station, and up-bore As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585 Then in a flow'ry valley fet him down On a green bank, and fet before him fpred A table of celestial food, divine, Ambrofial fruits, fetcht from the tree of life, And from the fount of life ambrofial drink, That foon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd, Or thirst: and as he fed, angelic quires Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595 True 5

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True image of the FATHER, whether thron'd In the bosom of bliss, and light of light Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrin'd In fleshly tabernacle, and human form, Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing The Son of God, with god-like force indu'd Against th' attempter of thy FATHER's throne, And thief of Paradife, him long of old Thou didst debel, and down from heaven cast 605 With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd Supplanted ADAM, and by vanquishing Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise; And frustrated the conquest fraudulent: He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610 In Paradife, to tempt; his fnares are broke: For though that feat of earthly bliss be fail'd, A fairer Paradife is founded now For ADAM and his chosen fons, whom thou A SAVIOUR art come down to re-instal 615 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be, Of Tempter and temptation without fear. But thou, infernal ferpent, shalt not long

Rule

Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound, By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell No triumph; in all her gates ABADDON rues Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice From thy demoniac holds, possession foul, Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly, And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, Lest he command them down into the deep Bound, and to torment fent before their time. Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds, Queller of SATAN, on thy glorious work-Now enter, and begin to fave mankind. 635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek Sung victor, and from heavinly feast refresht Brought on his way with joy; he unobserved Home to his mother's house private return'd.

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20 JY 63

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Samson Agonistes:

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DRAMATICK

The AUTHOR

70 HN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τεαγωδία μίμησις τεάξεως συθδαίας, &c.

Tragcedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand. 1727.

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Of that fort of Dramatick Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

RAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore faid by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and fuch like passions, that is, to temper, and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those Passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his affertion; for foin Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, fowr against fowr, falt to remove falt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as Cicero, Plut arch and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle St. Paul himself thought it not unworthy to infert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. 15. 33. and Paraus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings, and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the

Of Dramatick Tragedy, &c.

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Augustus Casar also had begun his A. Tyranny. jax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinisht. Seneca the Philosopher is by fome thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that Gregory Nazianzen, a go under that name. Father of the Church, thought it not unbefeeming the fanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitl'd Christ suffering. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comick stuff with Tragick sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar Persons, which by all judicious hath been counted abfurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes in case of telf-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that Chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Itali-In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all forts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophick, or rather, Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of

Of Dramatick Tragedy, &c.

of Stanza's fram'd only for the Musick, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not effential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd Allassfropka. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the sifth Act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the sable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

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The

20 JY 63

The Argument.

Amson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a-while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who feek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Ma noa, who endeavours the like, and withal tell him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaimle by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to profecute his endeavour with the Philistin Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, w play or Shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields

The ARGUMENT.

to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philitins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

The

The Persons.

Samfon,

Manoa, the Father of Samson.

Dalila his Wife.

Harapha of Gath.

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.
20 JY 63

Samson Agonistes.

To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common Prison else enjoin'd me;
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The Air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I seel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To Dagon their Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their Superstition yields me; hence with leave

Re-

Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I feek This unfrequented place to find some ease, Ease to the body some, none to the mind From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm Of hornets arm'd, no fooner found alone, But rush upon me thronging, and present Times past, what once I was, and what am now. O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold Twice by an Angel; who at last in fight Of both my Parents all in flames afcended From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd, As in a fiery column charioting His God-like presence, and from some great at Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race? Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd As of a person separate to God, Design'd for great exploits; if I must die Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out, Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze; To grind in brazen fetters under task, With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious **fitrength** Put to the labour of a beaft, debas'd Lower than bondflave! Promife was that I

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Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver; Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him Eyeless in Gaza at the Mill with slaves, Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke. Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt Divine Prediction: what if all foretold Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default, Whom have I to complain of but my felf? Who this high gift of strength committed to me, In what part lodg'd, how eafily bereft me. Under the Seal of filence could not keep, But weakly to a Woman must reveal it, O'ercome with importunity and tears. O impotence of mind, in body strong! But what is strength without a double share Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burthensome, Proudly fecure, yet liable to fall By weakest subtleties, not made to rule, But to fubferve where wisdom bears command. God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal How flight the gift was, hung it in my Hair. But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will Of highest dispensation, which herein

Haply

Haply had ends above my reach to know: Suffices that to me strength is my bane, And proves the fource of all my miseries: So many, and fo huge, that each apart Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all, O loss of fight, of thee I most complain! Blind among Enemies, O worse than chains, Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age! Light the prime work of God to me is extinct. And all her various objects of delight Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd, Inferior to the vilest now become Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me, They creep, yet fee, I dark in light expos'd To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong, Within doors, or without, still as a fool, In pow'r of others, never in my own; Scarce half I feem to live, dead more than half. O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipse Without all hope of day! O first created Beam, and thou great Word, Let there be light, and light was over all; Why

SAMSON AGONISTES. III

Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree? The Sun to me is dark And filent as the Moon, of Salar and Will When the deferts the night of your to have on'T Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. Since Light fo necessary is to life, doing the A And almost life it felf, if it be true and which nice I' That light is in the Soul. She all in ev'ry part; why was the fight To fuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd, So obvious and fo easie to be quench'd? And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd, That she might look at will through ev'ry pore? Then had I not been thus exil'd from light, As in the land of darkness yet in light, To live a life half dead, a living death, And bury'd; but O yet more miferable! My felf, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave, Bury'd, yet not exempt By privilege of death and burial From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, But made hereby obnoxious more To all the miferies of Life,

Among inhuman foes.

But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;

Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he: foftly a-while, he had Let us not break in upon him; de remain a foul of O change beyond report, thought or belief! See how he lies at random, carelesty diffus'd, With languish'd head unpropt, As one past hope, abandon'd, And by himself giv'n over; In flavish habit, ill-fitted weeds O'er-worn and foil'd; Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he That Heroick, that Renown'd, Irrefistible Samson; whom unarm'd [withstand? No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid, Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,

And

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And weaponless himself,
Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery

Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,

Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail

Adamantean Proof;

But fafest he who stood aloof,

When insupportably his foot advanc'd,

In fcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,

Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold Ascalo-

Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd [nite

Their plated backs under his heel;

Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,

A thousand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of Palestin,

In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:

Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders

The Gates of Azza, Post, and massie Bar

Up to the Hill by Hebron, seat of Giants old,

No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded fo;

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n

Which shall I first bewail,

Thy Bondage, or lost Sight,

I

Prison

Prison within Prison Inseparably dark? Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) The Dungeon of thy felf; thy foul (Which Men enjoying fight oft without cause com-[plain'd) Imprison'd now indeed, In real darkness of the body dwells, Shut up from outward light T' incorporate with gloomy night; For inward light alas Puts forth no vifual beam. O mirror of our fickle state. Since man on earth unparallel'd! The rather thy example stands, By how much from the top of wond'rous glory, Strongest of mortal men, To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n. For him I reckon not in high estate, Whom long descent of birth Or the sphere of fortune raises: But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate, Might have fubdu'd the Earth, Univerfally crown'd with highest praises.

Sams.

Samf. I hear the found of words, their sense the Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. [air

[might, Chor. He spake, let us draw nigh. Matchleis in The glory late of Israel, now the grief, We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as Balm to sesser wounds.

Sams. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I Now of my own experience, not by talk, How counterfeit a coin they are who friends Bear in their Superscription (of the most I would be understood) in prosp'rous days They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head, Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends, How many evils have enclos'd me round; Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me, Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,

I 2

How

How could I once look up, or heave the head, Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd My Vessel trusted to me from above, Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends, Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool In ev'ry street; do they not say, how well Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? Immeasurable strength they might behold In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean; This with the other should, at least, have pair'd, These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal: wisest Men Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd; And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise. Deject not then so overmuch thy self, Who hast of sorrow thy sull load besides; Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder Why thou shouldst wed Philistian Woman rather Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair, At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sams.

Samf. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd Me, not my Parents, that I fought to wed The daughter of an Infidel; they knew not That what I mention'd was of God; I knew From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd The Marriage on; that by occasion hence I might begin Israel's Deliverance, The work to which I was divinely call'd. She proving false, the next I took to Wife (O that I never had! fond wish too late,) Was in the Vale of Sorec, Dalila, That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. I thought it lawful from my former act, And the same end; still watching to oppress Ifrael's Oppressors: of what now I suffer She was not the prime cause, but I my self, Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!) Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In feeking just occasion to provoke The Philistin, thy Country's Enemy, Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness: Yet Israel still serves with all his Sons.

I 3

Samf.

Samf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer On Israel's Governors, and Heads of Tribes, Who feeing those great acts which God had done Singly by me against their Conquerors, Acknowledg'd not, or not at all confider'd Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other fide Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the But they perfifled deaf, and would not feem To count them things worth notice, 'rill at length Their Lords the Philistins with gather'd pow'rs Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd, Not flying, but fore-casting in what place To fet upon them what advantag'd best: Mean-while the men of Judah, to prevent The harrass of their Land, beset me round; I willingly on some conditions came Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds Toucht with the flame: on their whole Hoft I flew Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd

Their

Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who sled.
Had Judab that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this posses'd the Tow'rs of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve:
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love Bondage more than Liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special savour rais'd
As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring How Succoth and the Fort of Penuel
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquisht Kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear
Desended Israel from the Ammonite,

Had

Had not his prowess quell'd their pride In that fore battel, when so many dy'd Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death, For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll, Me easily indeed mine may neglect, But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

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Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to Men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not jult,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandring thought,
Regardless of his Glory's diminution;
'Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right t'exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From National obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th'enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroick Nazarite
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down, Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But fee here comes thy rev'rend Sire With careful step, Locks white as down,

Old Manoch: advise was blow worth it A

Forthwith how thou ought's to receive him.

Samf. Ah me, another inward grief awak'd With mention of that name renews th'affault.

this their wanteride in a

Man. Brethen and men of Dan, for such yeseen, Though in this uncouth place; if old respect, As I suppose, toward your once-glory'd friend, My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd Your younger seet, while mine cast back with as Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor. As fignal now in low dejected flate, As earst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an Army, now unequal match

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To fave himself against a coward arm'd At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust In mortal strength! and oh what not in man Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane? I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son, Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy; Who would be now a Father in my stead? O wherefore did God grant me my request, And as a bleffing with fuch pomp adorn'd? Why are his gifts defirable, to tempt Our earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with folemn hand As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind? For this did th' Angel twice descend; for this Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while, The miracle of men; then in an hour Enfnar'd, affaulted, overcome, led bound, Thy Foes derifion, Captive, Poor and Blind, Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves? Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,

He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall Subject him to so foul indignities, Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father, Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me But justly; I my felf have brought them on, Sole Author, I, fole cause: if ought seem vile, As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman, A Canaanite, my faithless enemy: This well I knew, nor was at all furpriz'd, But warn'd by oft experience; did not she Of Timna first betray me, and reveal The fecret wrested from me in her height Of Nuptial love profest, carrying it streight To them who had corrupted her, my Spies, And Rivals? In this other was there found More Faith? who also in her prime of love, Spoufal embraces, vitiated with Gold, Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?

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Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs, And amorous reproaches to win from me My capital fecret, in what part my strength Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport [know: Her importunity, each time perceiving How openly, and with what impudence She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse Than undissembled hate) with what contempt She thought to make me Traitor to my felf; Yet the fourth time, when mustring all her wiles, With blandisht parleys, feminine assaults, Tongue-batteries, she furceas'd not day nor night To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out. At times when men feek most repose and rest, yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart, Who with a grain of manhood well refolv'd Might easily have shook off all her snares: But foul effeminacy held me yok'd Her bond-flave; O indignity, O blot To Honour and Religion! fervile mind Rewarded well with fervile punishment! The base degree to which I now am fall'n,

Thefe

These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degen'rately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage choices, Son, Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st Find some occasion to infest our Foes. I state not that; this I am sure, our Foes Found foon occasion thereby to make thee Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the fooner Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms To violate the facred truft of filence Deposited within thee; which to have kept Tacit, was in thy pow'r; true; and thou bear'st Enough, and more the burthen of that fault; Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying That rigid score. A worfe thing yet remains, This day the Philistins a pop'lar Feast Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud To

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To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the Idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee, and thy Father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In seeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and forrow,
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not

Mine

Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest. This only hope relieves me, that the strife With me hath end; all the contest is now 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd, Me overthrown, to enter lists with God, His Deity comparing and preserring Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd, But will arise, and his great name assert: Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive Such a discomsit, as shall quite despoil him Of all these boasted Trophies won on me, And with consusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and I as a Prophecy receive; for God, [these words Nothing more certain, will not long deser To vindicate the glory of his Name Against all competition, nor will long Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord, Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done? Thou must not in the mean-while here forgot Lie in this miserable lothsome plight

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Neglected. I already have made way
To fome Philistian. Lords with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inslicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Itrouble Sams. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the Of that follicitation; let me here, As I deferve, pay on my punishment; And expiate, if possible, my crime, Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd Secrets of men, the fecrets of a friend, How heinous had the fact been, how deferving Contempt and fcorn of all, to be excluded All friendship, and avoided as a blab, The mark of fool fet on his front? But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret Prefumptuously have publish'd, impiously, Weakly at least, and shamefully: A Sin That Gentiles in their Parables condemn To their abysis and horrid pains confin'd.

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Man.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite, But act not in thy own affliction, Son; Repent the fin, but if the punishment Thou canst avoid, felf-preservation bids; Or th' execution leave to high disposal, And let another hand, not thine, exact Thy penal forfeit from thy felf: perhaps God will relent, and quit thee all his debt; Who ever more approves and more accepts (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission) Him who imploring mercy fues for life, Than who felf-rigorous chuses death as due; Which argues over-just, and felf-displeas'd For felf-offence, more than for God offended. Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows But God hath fet before us, to return thee Home to thy country and his Sacred house, Where thou may'lt bring thy off'rings, to avert His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

Samf. His pardon I implore; but as for life, To what end should I feek it? when in strength All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes

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With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, Full of divine instinct, after some proof Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond The Sons of Anack, famous now and blaz'd, Fearless of danger, like a petty God I walk'd about, admir'd of all, and dreaded On hostile ground, none daring my affront. Then fwoll'n with pride into the fnare I fell Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains, Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life; At length to lay my head and hollow pledge Of all my strength in the lascivious lap Of a deceitful Concubine, who shore me Like a tame Weither, all my precious fleece, Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd, Shav'n and difarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Defire of wine and all delicious drinks, Which many a famous warrior overturns, Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing Ruby Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour of the smell, Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men, Allure thee from the cool Chrystalline stream.

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Sam/. Where-ever fountain or fresh current Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure, With touch ætherial of Heav'n's fiery rod, I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape, Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines And strongest drinks our chief support of health, When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear His mighty Champion, strong above compare, Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

pleat Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-Against another object more enticing? What boots it at one gate to make defence, And at another to let in the Foe Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means, Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd, To what can I be useful, wherein serve My Nation, and the work from Heaven impos'd, But to fit idle on the Houshold hearth. A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze, 01

Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength; 'till length of years
And sedentary numness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old Age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
'Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then ferve Philistines with that Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them? Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle, Inglorious, unimploy'd, with age out-worn. But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t'allay After the brunt of Battel, can as easie Cause light again within thy eyes to spring, Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; And I persuade me so, why else this strength Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks? His might continues in thee not for naught, Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

K 3

Samj.

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of her self;
My race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed From anguish of the mind and humours black, That mingle with thy fancy. I however Must not omit a Father's timely care To prosecute the means of thy deliverance By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm, And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find

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To th'inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me As a lingring difeafe, But finding no redrefs, ferment and rage, Nor less than wounds immedicable Rankle, and fester, and gangrene, To black mortification. Thoughts my Tormentors arm'd with deadly flings Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts, Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb Or medicinal liquor can affwage, Nor breath of vernal Air from fnowy Alp. Sleep hath forfook and giv'n me o'er To death's benumming Opium as my only cure, Thence faintings, fwoonings of despair, And fense of Heav'n's defertion.

K 4

I was his nursling once, and choice delight, His destin'd from the womb. Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending. Under his special eye Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain; He led me on to mightiest deeds Above the nerve of mortal arm Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies: But now hath cast me off as never known, And to those cruel enemies, Whom I by his appointment had provok'd, Left me all helpless with th'irreparable loss Of fight, referv'd alive to be repeated The subject of their cruelty or scorn. Nor am I in the lift of them that hope; Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless; This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard, No long petition, fpeedy death, The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wife In ancient and in modern books enroll'd, Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;

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And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life:
Confolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And sainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers! what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring loose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer slie,

Heads

Heads without name no more remembred,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no
Of highest savours past

[regard
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

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Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
Unseemly falls in human eye,

Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and prophane, their carcasses

To dogs and sowls a prey, or else captiv'd:
Or to th' unjust tribunals under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful

Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion, The Image of thy strength, and mighty Minister. What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already? Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land? Female of fex it feems,
That so be-deckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way failing
Like a stately Ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th'Isles
Of Javan or Gadier
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,

An

An Amber scent of odorous persume Her harbinger, a damsel train behind; Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem; And now at nearer view, no other certain Than *Dalila* thy Wise.

[come near me. Samf. My Wife! my Trayt'res: let her not

[thee fix'd; Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd, Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps, And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd, Wetting the borders of her silken veil: But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson, Which to have merited, without excuse, I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears May expiate (though the fact more evil drew In the perverse event than I foresaw) My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon No way assur'd. But conjugal affection

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Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may ferve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samf. Out, out, Hyana! these are thy wontedarts, And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee, To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, Then as repentant to submit, beseech, And reconcilement move with seign'd remorse, Consess, and promise wonders in her change, Not truly penitent, but chief to try Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, His virtue or weakness which way to assail: Then with more cautious and instructed skill Again transgresses, and again submits; That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd, With goodness principled not to reject The penitent, but ever to forgive,

Are

Are drawn to wear out miserable days, Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake, If not by quick destruction soon cut off, As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour To lessen or extenuate my offence, But that on th' other fide if it be weigh'd By it felf, with aggravations not furcharg'd. Or elfe with just allowance counterpois'd, I may, if possible, thy pardon find The easier towards me, or thy hatred less. First granting, as I do, it was a weakness In me, but incident to all our fex, Curiofity, inquisitive, importune Of fecrets, then with like infirmity To publish them, both common female faults: Was it not weakness also to make known For importunity, that is, for naught, Wherein confifted all thy strength and fafety? To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way. But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not; [frailty: Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's

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Ere I to thee, thou to thy felf wast cruel. Let weakness then with weakness come to parl, So near related, or the same of kind, Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine The gentler, if feverely thou exact not More strength from me, than in thy self was found. And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate, The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway In human hearts, not less in mine tow'rds thee, Caus'd what I did? I faw thee mutable Of fancy, fear'd left one day thou would'ft leave me, As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest: No better way I faw than by importuning To learn thy fecrets, get into my pow'r Thy key of strength and fafety; thou wilt fay, Why then reveal'd? I was affur'd by those Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd Against thee but safe custody, and hold: That made for me, I knew that liberty Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises, While I at home fat full of cares and fears, Wailing thy abfence in my widow'd bed;

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Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the Philistins,
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in Love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd:

[wo,
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example;
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true:
I to my self was false ere thou to me:
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deeds, which when thou sees Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Con-

Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist

Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What Murtherer, what Traitor, Parricide,
Incessuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin's weakness for no plea. In man or woman, though to thy own condemning, Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, What sieges girt me round, ere I consented; Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of Men, The constantes, to have yielded without blame. It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay's strates. That wrought with me: thou know's the Magi-

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And Princes of my Country came in person, Sollicited, commanded, threatned, urg'd, Adjur'd by all the Bonds of civil Duty And of Religion, press'd how just it was, How honourable, how glorious to entrap A common enemy, who had destroy'd Such Numbers of our Nation: and the Priest Was not behind, but ever at my ear, Preaching how meritorious with the Gods k would be to ensure an irreligious Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I T'oppose against such powerful Arguments? Only my love of thee held long debate; And combated in silence all their reasons With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim, So rife and celebrated in the mouths Of wifest men, that to the publick good Private respects must yield; with grave authority Took full possession of me, and prevail'd; Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

Samf. Ithought where all thy circling wiles would In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.

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But had thy love, still odiously pretended, Been, as it ought, fincere, it wou'd have taught thee Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. I before all the daughters of my Tribe And of my Nation chose thee from among My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ft, Too well, unbosom'd all my fecrets to thee, Not out of levity, but over-power'd By thy request, who could deny thee nothing; Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband? Then, as fince then, thy country's foe profest: Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave Parents and country; nor was I their subject, Nor under their protection, but my own; Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life Thy Country fought of thee, it fought unjustly, Against the law of nature, law of nations: No more thy Country, but an impious crew Of men confpiring to uphold their state By worfe than hoffile deeds, violating the ends For which our Country is a name fo dear; Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee:

L 2

To

To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable T'acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction Of their own deity, gods they cannot be; Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd. These salse pretexts and varnish'd colours failing, Bare in thy guilt, how soul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

[breath: Sams. For want of words no doubt, or lack of Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken In what I thought would have succeeded best. Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson, Afford me place to shew what recompence Towards thee I intend, for what I have misdone, Misguided; only what remains past cure Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist T'afflict thy self in vain: tho' sight be lost, Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd

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Where

Where other fenses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestick ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, t'abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

Sams. No, no, of my condition take no care, It fits not; thou and I long fince are twain; Nor think me so unwary or accurst, To bring my seet again into the snare Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains, Tho' dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils; Thy sair enchanted cup, and warbling charms No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd; So much of Adder's wisdom I have learnt, To sence my ear against thy Sorceries.

L 3

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me; How would'st thou use me now blind, and thereby Deceivable, in most things as a child Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd, And last neglected? How would'st thou insult, When I must live uxorious to thy will In perfect thraldom, how again betray me, Bearing my words and doings to the Lords, To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile? This Gaol I count the house of Liberty To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. At distance I forgive thee, go with that; Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works It hath brought forth to make thee memorable Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives: Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold Of Matrimonial treason; so farewell.

Dal. I fee thou art implacable, more deaf To pray'rs than winds and feas, yet winds to feas Are reconciled at length, and fea to shore: Thy anger unappealable, flill rages, Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd. Why do I humble thus my felf, and fuing For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate? Bid go with evil omen, and the brand Of infamy upon my name denounc'd? To mix with thy concernments I defift Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd, And with contrary blaft proclaims most deeds; On both his wings, one black, the other white, Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight. My name perhaps among the circumcis'd In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes, To all posterity may stand defam'd, With malediction mention'd, and the blot Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd. But in my country, where I most defire, In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath, I shall be nam'd among the famousest

L 4

Of

Of Women, sung at solemn sestivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a sierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual slow'rs,
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the Temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The publick marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting Discover'd in the end, 'till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go. God sent her to debase me, And aggravate my folly, who committed To such a viper his most facred trust Of secresie, my safety and my life.

Chor.

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Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange After offence returning, to regain [pow'r, Love once possess, nor can be easily Repulst, without much inward passion felt And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord ends
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit, Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit, That Woman's love can win or long inherit; But what it is, hard is to say, Harder to hit, (Which way soever Men refer it) Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the *Timnian* bride Had not so soon preserr'd Thy Paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd, Successor in thy Bed,
Nor both so loosly disally'd

Their

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal Harvest of thy Head:
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were lest for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?

B

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Whate'er it be, to wifeft Men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin Veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a Thorn
Intestine, war within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry, enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd,
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Embarqu'd with such a Steers-mate at the Helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds

One virtuous, rarely found,

That in domestick good combines;

Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:

But virtue which breaks through all opposition,

And all temptation can remove,

Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal Law
Gave to the Man despotick power
Over his Female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lowre:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
But had we best retire? I see a storm.

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Samf. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past. Chor.

Chor. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor feat The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride, The Giant Harapha of Gath, his look Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud. Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him I less conjecture, than when first I saw [hither? The sumptuous Dalila floating this way: His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we foon shall know, he now [arrives.

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance, As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been, Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath, Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd As Og or Anak, and the Emins old That Kariathaim held, thou know'st me now If thou at all art known. Much I have heard Of thy prodigious might and seats perform'd, Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,

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That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or listed field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

[taste. Sams. The way to know were not to see but

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd To have wrought such wonders with an Ass's Jaw; I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms, Or left thy carcass where the Ass lay thrown: So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd To Palestine, won by a Philistin

From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st The hightest name for valiant Acts; that honour Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee, I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

[but do Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, What then thou wouldst, thou feest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain, And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd

Samf. Such ufage as your honourable Lords Afford me, affaffinated and betray'd, Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs In fight withstand me fingle and unarm'd, Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes Clofe-banded durst attaque me, no not fleeping, 'Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold, Breaking her Marriage Faith, to circumvent me. Therefore without feign'd shifts let be affign'd Some narrow place enclosed, where fight may give Or rather flight, no great advantage on me; [thee, Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet And Brigandine of brafs, thy broad Habergeon, Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Speat A Weaver's beam, and fev'n-times-folded shield; I only with an Oak'n-staff will meet thee, And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron, Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head, That in a little time while breath remains thee, Thou oft shalt wish thy felf at Gath, to boast Again

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Again in fafety what thou wouldst have done To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn, Their ornament and fafety, had not spells And black enchantments, fome Magician's Art, Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heav'n

Feign'dst at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair, Where strength can leastabide, though all thy Hairs Were briftles rang'd like those that ridge the back Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruffled Porcupines.

Samf. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts; My trust is in the living God, who gave me At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd No less through all my finews, joints and bones, Than thine, while I preferv'd these locks unshorn, The pledge of my unviolated vow. For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god, Go to his Temple, invocate his aid With folemnest devotion, spread before him How highly it concerns his glory now

To frustrate and dissolve these Magick spells, Which I to be the power of Israel's God Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test, Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold, With th'utmost of his godhead seconded: Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

r charm'd thee fronc

Har. Presume not on thy God, what-e'er hebe,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common Prison, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boy'strous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
But by the Barber's razor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are From thine, these evils I deserve and more,

Acknowledge them from God, inflicted on me Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon, Whose ear is ever open, and his eye Gracious to re-admit the suppliant; In considence whereof I once again Desie thee to the tryal of mortal sight, By combat to decide whose God is God, Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in He will accept thee to defend his cause, A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

[prove me these? Sams. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords? Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed Notorious murther on those thirty men At Askalon, who never did thee harm, Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes?

M The

The *Philistins*, when thou hadst broke the league, Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking, To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the Daughters of the Philistins I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe; And in your City held my Nuptial Feast: But your ill-meaning Politician Lords, Under pretence of bridal friends and guests, Appointed to await me thirty Spies, Who threatning cruel death, constrain'd the Bride To wring from me and tell to them my fecret, That folv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. When I perceiv'd all fet on enmity, As on my enemies, where-ever chanc'd, I us'd hostility, and took their spoil, To pay my underminers in their coin. My Nation was subjected to your Lords; It was the force of Conquest; force with force Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can: But I a private person, whom my Country As a League-breaker gave up bound, prefum'd Single Single Rebellion, and did hostile Acts.

I was no private, but a person rais'd

With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n

To free my Country; if their servile minds

Me their deliverer sent would not receive,

But to their Masters gave me up for naught,

Th'unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.

I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,

And had persorm'd it, if my known offence

Had not disabled me, not all your force:

These shifts resuted, answer thy appellant,

Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,

Who now desies thee thrice to single sight,

As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a man condemn'd, a Slave en-Due by the Law to capital punishment? To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

[vey me, Samf. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to sur-To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict? Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd; But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

M 2

Har.

Har. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd, Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Samf. No man with-holds thee, nothing from Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,

My heels are fetter'd, but my fift is free.

Har. This infolence other kind of answer fits,

Sams. Go baffled coward, left I run upon thee, Though in these chains, bulk without spirit valt, And with one buffet lay thy structure low, Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By Aftaroth ere long thou shalt lament These braveries, in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-sall'n, Stalking with less unconscionable strides

And lower looks, but in a sultry chase.

Samf. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood, Tho,

Tho' fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons All of Gigantick fize, Goliah chief,

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear, And with malicious counsel stir them up Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Tfight Samf. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd Will not dare mention, lest a question rife Whether he durit accept the offer or not; And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd: Much more affliction than already felt They cannot well impose, nor I sustain; If they intend advantage of my labours, The work of many hands, which earns my keeping With no small profit daily to my owners. But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence, The worst that he can give, to me the best. Yet so it may fall out, because their end Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

M 3

Chor.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving To the Spirits of just men long opprest! When God into the hands of their deliverer Puts invincible might To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor, The brute and boist'rous force of violent men. Hardy and industrious to support Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue The righteous and all fuch as honour Truth; He all their Ammunition And feats of War defeats. With plain heroick magnitude of mind And celestial vigour arm'd, Their Armories and Magazins contemns, Renders them useless, while With winged expedition, Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes His errand on the wicked, who furpriz'd Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise Of Saints, the tryal of their fortitude, Making them each his own Deliverer,

And

And Victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom Patience sinally must crown.
This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look;
By his habit I discern him now
A publick Officer, and now at hand,
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the Pris'ner Samson here I feek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he fits.

M 4

Off:

Off. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say; This day to Dagon is a solemn Feast, With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games; Thy strength they know surpassing human race, And now some publick proof thereof require To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly: Rise therefore with all speed and come along, Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad To appear as fits before th'illustrious Lords.

[tell them Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites

My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content

Samf. Have they not Sword-players, and every Of Gymnick Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners, Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers, But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd, And over-labour'd at their publick Mill, To make them sport with blind activity? Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,

On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy felf, this will offend them highly,

Samf. My felf? my conscience and internal peace. Can they think me so broken, so debas'd With corporal servitude, that my mind ever Will condescend to such absurd commands? Altho' their drudge, to be their sool or jester, And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief To shew them seats, and play before their god, The worst of all indignities, yet on me Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed. Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message

Off. I am forry what this floutness will produce.

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to forrow

Chor. Confider, Samfon, matters now are strain'd Up to the height, whether to hold or break; He's gone, and who knows how he may report Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame? Expect another message more imperious, More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols?
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour Honest and lawful to deserve my food Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor.

Ch. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile not.

[tence holds.

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the senBut who constrains me to the Temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the sear of Man, and Man preser,
Set God behind: which in his jealousie
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispence with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

[reach. Cb. How thou wilt here come off, furmounts my

Samf. Be of good courage, I begin to feel Some rouzing motions in me, which dispose To something extraordinary my thoughts. I with this Messenger will go along, Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite. If there be aught of presage in the mind,

This

This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast refolv'd, the man returns,

Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such Engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou art sirmlier sasten'd than a Rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their Art, Which to no few of them would prove pernicious. Yet knowing their advantages too many, Because they shall not trail me through their streets Like a wild Beast, I am content to go. Masters commands come with a power resistless To such as owe them absolute subjection:

And for a life who will not change his purpose? (So mutable are all the ways of men)

Yet

Yet this be fure, in nothing to comply Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praise thy resolution: doff these links: By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords To savour, and perhaps to set thee free.

I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not: Lords are Lordsiest in their wine;
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest sir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:
No less the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One Of Ifrael be thy guide

To what may ferve his glory best, and spread his Great among the Heathen round; Send the Angel of thy Birth to stand Fast by thy side, who from thy Father's field Rode up in flames after his message told Of thy conception, and be now a shield Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee In the Camp of Dan, Be efficacious in thee now at need. For never was from Heav'n imparted Measure of strength so great to mortal feed, As in thy wond'rous actions hath been feen. But wherefore comes old Manoa in fuch haste With youthful steps? much livelier than ere-while He feems: supposing here to find his Son, Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

[hither Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement Was not at present here to find my Son, By order of the Lords now parted hence, To come and play before them at their Feast. I heard all as I came, the City rings, And numbers thither flock: I had no will,

Left

Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly: But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly To give you part with me what hope I have With good fuccefs to work his liberty.

Ttake Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to par-With thee; fay, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords, Either at home, or through the high street passing, With supplication prone and Father's tears, T'accept of ranfom for my Son their pris'ner. Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh. Contemptuous, proud, fet on revenge and spite; That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests. Others more moderate feeming, but their aim Private reward, for which both God and State They easily would fet to sale; a third More generous far and civil, who confess'd They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd Their foe to mifery beneath their fears, The rest was magnanimity to remit, If some convenient ransom were propos'd. What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor. Doubtless the People shouting to behold Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them.

Or at some proof of strength before them shows,

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my Tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him;
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons, Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all; Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age, Thou in old age car'st how to nurst thy Son, Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobl'd
With

With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me God hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him farther yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor feem
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

[what noise! Man. I know your friendly minds and—O Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that! Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,

As

As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!

Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,

Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise. Oh it continues! they have flain my Son!

Chor. Thy Son is rather flaying them: that out-From flaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be; What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running We unawares run into danger's mouth. This evil on the Philistins is fall'n, From whom could else a general cry be heard? The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, From other hands we need not much to sear. What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd, He now be dealing dole among his foes, And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Man.

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be [thought,

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible For his people of old; what hinders now?

[will; Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. A little stay will bring some notice hither.

office o know well what I util.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner; For evil news rides post, while good news baits. And to our wish I see one hither speeding, An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our Tribe.

All as a modernous of which is a state of

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way slie The sight of this so horrid spectacle, Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold? For dire imagination still pursues me. But Providence or instinct of nature seems, Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted, To have guided me aright, I know not how, To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

N 2

As

As at some distance from the place of horror, So in the sad event too much concern'd,

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before the With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not; No preface needs, thou feest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath, And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the fum, the oircumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n, All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not The desolation of an hostile City.

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be

Man. Relate by whom. Meff. By Samfon.

Man. That still lessens

The forrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Meff.

Mess. Ah Manoa, I refrain, too suddenly To utter what will come at last too soon; Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them

[dead. Mess. Then take the worst in brief, Samson is

Man. The worst indeed! O all my hope's deTo free him hence! But death who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost.
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?

Meff. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with flaughter then, or how? ex-

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Meff. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence? what cause Brought him so soon at variance with himself Among his Foes?

aller Bulberns in the Sa

Mess. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thy self!

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.

More than enough we know; but while things yet Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,

Eye-witness of what first or last was done,

Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun rife,
The Morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: sittle had I dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day

Sam-

Samfon should be brought forth to shew the people Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games. I forrow'd at his captive state, but minded Not to be absent at that spectacle. The building was a spacious Theatre Half round, on two main Pillars vaulted high, With feats where all the Lords and each degree Of fort, might fit in order to behold; The other fide was open, where the throng On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand; I among those aloof obscurely stood. The Feast and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice wine, Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear and When to their fports they turn'd. Immediately Was Samson as a publick servant brought, In their state Livery clad; before him Pipes And Timbrels; on each fide went armed guards. Both horse and foot, before him and behind, Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears. At fight of him the people with a shout Rifted the Air, clamouring their god with praise, Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall. He patient but undaunted where they led him,

N 4

Came

Came to the place; and what was fet before him, Which without help of eye might be affay'd, To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd All with incredible stupendious force, None daring to appear Antagonist. At length for intermission sake they led him Between the Pillars; he his guide requested (For fo from fuch as nearer flood we heard) As over-tir'd, to let him lean a-while With both his arms on those two massie Pillars, That to the arched roof gave main support. He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson Felt in his arms, with head a-while inclin'd, And eyes fast fixt, he stood as one who pray'd, Or fome great matter in his mind revolv'd. At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud, Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying, Nor without wonder or delight beheld: Now of my own accord fuch other tryal I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater, As with amaze shall strike all who behold. This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,

As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
With horrible confusion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he took, 'till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests,
Their choice Nobility and Flow er, not only
Of this but each Philistian City round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!

Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold

To Ifrael, and now ly'st victorious

Among thy slain felf-kill'd,

Not willingly, but tangled in the fold

Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd

Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more

Than all thy life had slain before.

Semi-

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, Liubling, And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats, Chaunting their Idol, and preferring and Idon and Before our living Dread who dwells In Silo his bright Sanctuary: It lo abred and nod Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent, Who hurt their minds. And urg'd them on with mad defire To call in hafte for their destroyer, They only fet on sport and play, Unweetingly importun'd amal odu n vols hing Their own destruction to come speedy upon them. So fond are mortal men Fall'n into wrath divine, wood-whole C As their own ruin on themselves t'invite, Insensate left, or to sense reprobate, And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he though blind of fight, Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite, With inward eyes isluminated, His fiery virtue rous'd

From

From under ashes into sudden flame, And as an ev'ning Dragon came, Affailant on the perched-roofts And nefts in order rang'd Of tame villatick Fowl; but as an Eagle His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads. So virtue giv'n for loft, Deprest, and overthrown, as feem'd, Like that felf-begotten Bird In the Arabian woods embost, That no fecond knows nor third, And lay ere-while a Holocaust, From out her ashie womb now teem'd. Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most, When most unactive deem'd. And though her body die, her fame furvives, A fecular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroickly hath finish'd
A life Heroick, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor

Through all Philistian bounds: To Israel Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them Find courage to lay hold on this occasion: To himself and Father's house eternal fame: And which is best and happiest yet, all this With God not parted from him, as was fear'd, But favouring and affifting to the end. Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail Or knock the breafts, no weakness, no contempt, Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair, And what may quiet us in a death fo noble. Let us go find the Body where it lies Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream With lavers pure and cleanfing herbs wash off The clodded gore. I with what speed the while (Gaza is not in plight to fay us nay) Will fend for all my kindred, all my friends To fetch him hence, and folemnly attend With filent obsequie and funeral train Home to his father's house: there will I build him A Monument, and plant it round with shade Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm, With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd In copious Legend, or fweet Lyrick Song.

Thither shall all the valiant Youth resort,
And from his memory inslame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th'unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontroulable intent,
His servant he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

THE END.

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POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions.

Compos'd at feveral times.

BY

Mr. JOHN MILTON.

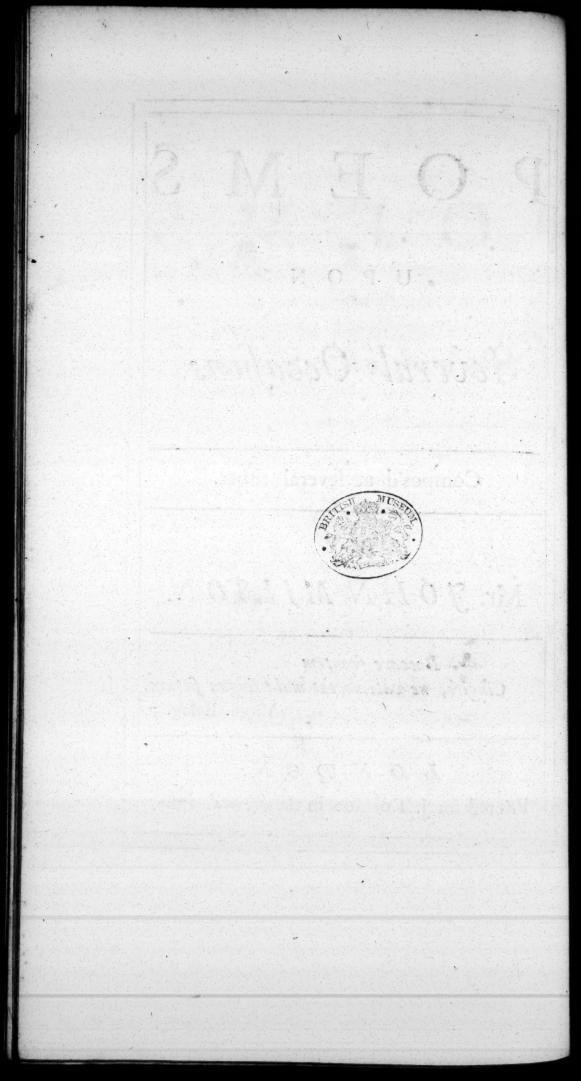
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Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil. Eclog. 7.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand. 1727.



POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more

Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

O

Com-

Compels me to disturb your season due: For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer: Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew Himself to sing, and build the losty rhyme. He must not slote upon his watry bier Unwept, and welter to the parching wind, Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same slock, by sountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd Under the opening eye-lids of the morn, We drove a-field, and both together heard

What

What time the Gray-fly winds her fultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft 'till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright, [whee!.
Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering
Mean-while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Dameetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desart Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'erAnd all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes,
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When sirst the White-Thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

0 2

Where

Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorfeless Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? [deep For neither were ye playing on the steep, Where your old Bards, the samous Druids, lie, Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high, Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream: Ah me, I fondly dream! Had ye been there—for what could that have done? What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore, The Muse her self, for her inchanting son Whom universal nature did lament, When by the rout that made the hideous roar, His goary visage down the stream was sent, Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shoar.

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neara's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To

To fcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phabus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering soil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads alost by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much same in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds, That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oate proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle Swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings

O 3

That

That blows from off each beaked Promontory:
They knew not of his flory,
And fage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her fisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing flow. His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet fedge. Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge Like to that fanguine flower infcrib'd with woe. Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge? Last came, and last did go.

The Pilot of the Galilean lake,

Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,

(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)

He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake;

How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies sake,

Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?

Of other care they little reck'ning make, Than how to scramble at the shearers feast, And shove away the worthy bidden guest; Thold Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs! What recks it them? What need they? They are And when they lift, their lean and flashy songs [sped, Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw; The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed, But fwoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread: Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw Daily devours apace, and nothing fed, But that two-handed engine at the door, Stands ready to fmite once, and fmite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

0 4

On

On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks, Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes, That on the green turf fuck the honied showres And purple all the ground with vernal flowres. Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine, The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat, The glowing Violet, The Musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine. With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, And every flower that fad embroidry wears: Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed, And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, To strew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies. For fo to interpose a little ease, Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise. Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd, Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide Visit's the bottom of the monstrous world: Or whether thou to our moist vows denv'd,

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where

Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Naymancos and Boyona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, wast the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more, For Lycidas, your forrow, is not dead, Sunk tho' he be beneath the watry floar; So finks the day-star in the Ocean bed, And yet anon repairs his drooping head, And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: So Lycidas funk low, but mounted high, [waves, Through the dear might of him that walk'd the Where other groves, and other streams along, With Nectar pure his oozy Locks he laves, And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song, In the bleft Kingdoms meek of joy and love. There entertain him all the Saints above. In folemn troops, and fweet focieties, That fing, and finging in their glory move, And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now

Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more; Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore, In thy large recompense, and shalt be good To all that wander in that perilous floud.

Thus fang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills. While the still morn went out with Sandals gray, He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills, With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills, And now was dropt into the Western Bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew;
To-morrow to Fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn

'Mong horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,

Find

Find out fome uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous And the night-Raven sings; [wings,

There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd As ragged as thy Locks, [Rocks,

In dark Cimmerian defart ever dwell. But come thou Goddess fair and free,

In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two Sifter Graces more

To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some Sages sing).

The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring.

Zephir with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a Maying,

There on beds of Violets blue,

And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,

So buckfom, blith, and debonnair.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles, Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles, Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, And love to live in dimple fleek; Sport that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his fides. Come, and trip it as you go On the light fantastick toe, And in thy right hand lead with thee The Mountain Nymph, fweet Liberty: And if I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew house los To live with her, and live with thee, In unreproved pleasures free; To hear the Lark begin his flight, And finging startle the dull night, From his watch-tower in the skies, 'Till the dappled dawn doth rife; Then to come in spight of sorrow, And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine, Or the twisted Eglantine.

While

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While the Cock with lively din as an and I selled Scatters the rear of darkness thin; Idia of seed We And to the flack, or the barn-door, no eminimum in Stoutly struts his Dames before. In minuodal on F Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn and home Chearly rouse the flumbring morn, From the fide of fome Hoar Hill, Through the high wood echoing shrill. It be made to Sometime walking not unfeen not an age and W By Hedg-row Elms, on Hillocks green, Right against the Eastern gate, Where the great Sun begins his state, Roab'd in Flames, and Amber light, The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight. While the Plow-man near at hand, Whiftles o'er the furrow'd Land, And the Milkmaid fingeth blithe, And the Mower whets his fithe, And every Shepherd tells his tale Under the Hawthorn in the dale. Streight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, Whilst the Lantskip round it measures;

Ruffet

Russet Lawns, and Fallows gray, Where the nibling flocks do ffray, Mountains on whose barren breast The labouring Clouds do often reft, Meadows trim with Daifies pide, word Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide. Towres and Battlements it fees Bosom'd high in tufted Trees, Where perhaps fome beauty lies. The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. Hard by a Cottage chimney smokes, From betwixt two aged Okes, Where Corydon and Thyrsis met, Are at their favoury dinner fet Of Herbs, and other Country Messes, Which the neat-handed Phillis dreffes: And then in haste her Bowre she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves: Or if the earlier Season lead To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead. Sometimes with fecure delight The up-land Hamlets will invite,

When

When the merry Bells ring round, And the jocond rebecks found To many a Youth, and many a Maid, Dancing in the chequer'd shade; And young and old come forth to play On a Sunshine Holy-day, 'Till the live-long day-light fail; Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale, With stories told of many a feat, How Fairy Mab the junkets eat; She was pincht, and pull'd, she said, And he by Friars Lanthorn led; Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, To earn his Cream-bowl duly fet, When in one night, ere glimple of morn, His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn That ten day-labourers could not end, Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend: And flretch'd out all the Chimney's length, Basks at the fire his hairy strength; And crop-full out of doors he flings, Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.

Thus

Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep, By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep. Towred Cities please us then. And the busie humm of men, Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold, In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, With store of Ladies, whose bright Eves Rain influence, and judge the prize Of Wit or Arms, while both contend To win her Grace, whom all commend. There let Hymen oft appear In Saffron robe, with Taper clear, And pomp, and feaft, and revelry, With mask, and antique Pageantry, Such fights as youthful Poets dream On Summer Eves by haunted stream. Then to the well-trod Stage anon, If Johnson's learned Sock be on, Or sweetest Shake spear, fancy's child, Warble his native Wood-notes wild. And ever against eating Cares, Lap me in foft Lydian Aires,

Married

Married to immortal verse, Such as the meeting Soul may pierce In notes, with many a winding bout Of linked fweetness long drawn out, With wanton heed, and giddy cunning, The melting voice through mazes running, Untwisting all the chains that ty The hidden foul of harmony: That Orpheus' felf may heave his head From golden flumber on a Bed Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto, to have quite fet free His half-regain'd Eurydice. These delights, if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



vieried to testhorial veries

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joys,

The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys; Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess, As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams, Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus' train. But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy, Hail divinest Melancholy, Whose Saintly visage is too bright To hit the sense of human sight; And therefore to our weaker view, O'er-laid with black staid Wisdom's hue: Black, but such as in esteem, Prince Memnon's Sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove To fet her beauties praise above The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended. Yet thou art higher far descended, Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore To folitary Saturn bore; His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, Such mixture was not held a stain) Oft in glimmering bowres and glades He met her, and in facred shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove, While yet there was no fear of Jove. Come pensive Nun, devout and pure, Sober, stedfast, and demure, All in robe of darkest grain, Flowing with majestick train, And fable stole of Cypress Lawn, Over thy decent shoulders drawn. Come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step, and musing gate, And looks commercing with the skies, Thy rapt foul fitting in thine eyes:

P 2

There

There held in holy passion still, Forget thy felf to Marble, 'till With a fad leaden downward caft, Thou fix them on the earth as fast: And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet, And hears the Muses in a ring Ay round about Jove's Altar fing. And add to these retired Leisure. That in trim Gardens takes his pleafure; But first, and chiefest, with thee bring, Him that you foars on golden wing, Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne, The Cherub Contemplation, And the mute Silence hift along, 'Less Philomel will deign a Song, In her sweetest, saddest plight, Smoothing the rugged brow of night; While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke Gently o'er th' accustom'd Oke. Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee

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I

Thee Chauntress of the Woods among, I woo to hear thy Even-fong; And miffing thee, I walk unfeen On the dry smooth-shaven Green, To behold the wandring Moon, Riding near her highest noon, Like one that had been led aftray Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way; And oft as if her head she bow'd, Stooping through a fleecy cloud, Oft on a Plat of rifing ground, I hear the far-off Curfeu found, Over fome wide-water'd fhoar. Swinging flow with fullen roar; Or if the Air will not permit, Some still removed place will fit, Where glowing Embers through the room Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, Far from all refort of mirth. Save the Cricket on the hearth, Or the Belman's drowfie charm, To bless the doors from nightly harm:

P 3

Or

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour Be feen in fome high lonely Tow'r, Where I may oft out-watch the Bear, With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear The spirit of Plato, to unfold What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold Th' immortal Mind that hath forfook Her mansion in this fleshly nook: And of those Damons that are found In fire, air, flood, or under ground, Whose power hath a true consent With Planet, or with Element. Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy In fcepter'd Pall came fweeping by, Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line, Or the tale of Troy divine: Or what (though rare) of later age, Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage. But, O fad Virgin, that thy power Might raise Museus from his bower, Or bid the Soul of Orpheus fing Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew

Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek, And made Hell grant what Love did feek. Or call up him that left half told The story of Cambuscan bold, Of Camball, and of Algarsife, And who had Canace to wife. That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass, And of the wondrous Horse of Brass. On which the Tartar King did ride; And if ought elfe great Bards beside In fage and folemn tunes have fung, Of Turneys and of Trophies hung; Of Forests, and Inchantments drear, Where more is meant than meets the ear, Thus Night oft fee me in thy pale career, 'Till civil-fuited Morn appear, Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont, With the Attick Boy to hunt, But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud, While rocking Winds are piping loud, Or usher'd with a shower still, When the gust hath blown his fill,

P 4

Ending

Ending on the russling Leaves, With minute drops from off the Eaves. And when the Sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me Goddess bring To arched walks of twilight groves, And shadows brown that Sylvan loves Of Pine, or monumental Oak, Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt, Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt. There in close covert by some Brook, Where no profaner eye may look, Hide me from Day's gairish eye, While the Bee with honied thie, That at her flowry work doth fing, And the Waters murmuring With fuch confort as they keep. Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep; And let some strange mysterious dream Wave at his wings in airy stream Of lively portraiture display'd, Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And

And as I wake, fweet musick breath Above, about, or underneath, Sent by some spirit to mortals good, Or th' unfeen Genius of the Wood. But let my due feet never fail To walk the studious Cloyster's pale, And love the high embowed Roof, With antick Pillars masfy proof, And storied Windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious light. There let the pealing Organ blow, To the full-voiced Quire below, In Service high, and Anthems clear, As may with fweetness, through mine ear, Diffolve me into ecstasies. And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes. And may at last my weary age Find out the peaceful hermitage, The hairy Gown and mosfy Cell, Where I may fit, and rightly spell Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew, And every Herb that fips the dew:

'Till old experience do attain
To fomething like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song.

I. SONG.

OOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook:

This, this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend,

Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,

Seem'd

Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse, We may justly now accuse Of detraction from her praise: Less than half we find exprest, Envy bid conceal the rest. Mark what radiant state she spreads, In circle round her shining throne, Shooting her beams like filver threds, This, this is she alone, Sitting like a Goddess bright, In the center of her light. Might she the wife Latona be, Or the towred Cybele, Mother of a hundred gods; Juno dares not give her odds. Who had thought this clime had held A Deity fo unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

STay gentle Swains, for the in this difguise, I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

Of

Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung Of that renowned flood, fo often fung, Divine Alpheus, who by fecret fluce, Stole under Seas to meet his Arethuse; And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood, Fair filver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good, I know this quest of yours, and free intent Was all in honour and devotion meant To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine, Whom with low reverence I adore as mine, And with all helpful fervice will comply To further this night's glad folemnity; And lead ye where ye may more near behold What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold; Which I full oft amidst these shades alone Have fat to wonder at, and gaze upon: For know, by lot from Jove, I am the pow'r Of this fair Wood, and live in Oaken bow'r, To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove. And all my Plants I fave from nightly ill Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill:

And

And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew, And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew, Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites, Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites. When Ev'ning gray doth rife, I fetch my round Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, And early ere the odorous breath of morn Awakes the flumbring leaves, or taffel'd horn Shakes the high thicket, hafte I all about, Number my ranks, and vifit every fprout With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless: But else in deep of night, when drowfiness Hath lockt up mortal fense, then listen I To the celeftial Sirens harmony, That fit upon the nine enfolded Sphears, And fing to those that hold the vital shears, And turn the Adamantine spindle round, On which the fate of gods and men is wound. Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie, To lull the daughters of Necessity, And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, And the low world in measur'd motion draw

After

After the heavenly tune, which none can hear Of human mould with gross unpurged ear; And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze The peerless height of her immortal praise, Whose lustre leads us, and for her most sit, If my inferior hand or voice could hit Inimitable sounds: yet as we go, What-e'er the skill of lesser gods can show, I will assay, her worth to celebrate, And so attend ye toward her glittering state; Where ye may all that are of noble stem Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

ER the smooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof.
Follow me,

I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor, as besits
Her Deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

By fandy Ladon's lillied banks,
On old Lyceus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your lofs deplore,
A better foyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Menalus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though Syrinx your Pan's Mistress were, Yet Syrinx well might wait on her, Such a rural Queen All Arcadia hath not seen. Parms on Jovenil Occafing.

200

I will bring you where fle fits, that in followdors, as befits

Eler Deity.

Soft arrival Queen.

Maketaka bada nos feen.

DIESORIE

The state of the s

All Assadia hatta not leen.

A

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PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

The Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales.

MEAN

durule121



Preferences Water.

The Copy of a Letter written by Sir HENRY. WOOTTON, to the Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

SIR,

IT was a special favour, when you lately beflow'd upon me here the first taste of your Acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know
that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy
it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have
imagined your farther stay in these parts, which
I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have
been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught,
(for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to
have begged your conversation again, jointly with
your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two,
that we might have banded together some good
Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charged me with new Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, where-

2 unto

unto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artisicer. For the work it self I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my-choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from

Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thro' the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled,

Save

fave this only man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won considence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I Have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some somentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

Q 3

The

The Persons.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

- 1 Brother.
- 2 Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented, were,

The Lord Brackly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton bis Brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.

A

MASK

Presented at

LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court My mansion is, where those immortal Shapes Of bright aereal Spirits live inspher'd In Regions mild of calm and serene Air, Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot, Which Men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care Consin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here, Strive to keep up a frail and seaverish being, Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives, After this mortal change, to her true Servants,

Q4

Amongst

Amongst th' enthroned Gods on Sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway Of every falt Flood, and each ebbing Stream, Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather Jove, Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles, That like to rich and various Gemms inlay The unadorned bosom of the Deep, Which he to grace his tributary Gods By course commits to several Governments, And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns, And wield their little Tridents; but this Isle, The greatest and the best of all the Main, He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities, And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun A noble Peer of mickle trust and power Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:

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Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's state,
And new-entrusted Scepter: but their way
Liesthrough the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Sovereign Jove
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape Crusht the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine, After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd, Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed, On Circe's Island fell; (Who knows not Circe, The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed Cup Whoever tasted lost his upright shape, And downward fell into a groveling Swine) This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks, With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son

Much

Much like his Father, but his Mother more, Whom therefore the brought up, and Comus nam'd; Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age, Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields, At last betakes him to this ominous Wood. And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd, Excels his Mother at her mighty Art, Off'ring to every weary Traveller His orient Liquor in a Chrystal Glass, To quench the drouth of Phæbus, which as they talle (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirs) Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance, Th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear, Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat, All other parts remaining as they were; And they (fo perfect is their mifery) Not once perceive their foul disfigurement, But boast themselves more comely than before, And all their friends and native home forget, To roll with pleasure in a fensual stie. Therefore when any favour'd of high Yove, Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,

Swift

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wift as a Sparkle of a glancing Star shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convey, As now I do; But sirst I must put off These my skie robes spun out of Iris' Wooff, and take the weeds and likeness of a Swain That to the service of this house belongs, Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song, Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar, And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith, And in this office of his Mountain watch, Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid Of this occasion. But I hear the tread Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other; with him a rout of Monsters headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistering: they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay

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In the steep Atlantick stream, And the flope Sun his upward beam Shoots against the dusky Pole, Pacing toward the other goal Of his Chamber in the East. Mean-while welcome Joy, and Feast, Midnight shout, and revelry, Tipfie dance, and Jollity. Braid your Locks with rose Twine, Dropping Odours, dropping Wine. Rigor now is gone to bed, And Advice with fcrupulous head, Strict Age, and fowre Severity, With their grave Saws in flumber lie. We that are of purer fire Imitate the starry Quire, Who in their nightly watchful Sphears, Lead in fwift round the Months and Years. The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove, Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move, And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves, Trip the pert Fairies, and the dapper Elves; By

dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim, of bala e Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daifies trim, neir merry wakes and pastimes keep: hat hath Night to do with fleep? ght hath better fweets to prove, nus now wakes, and wakens Love. me let us our rites begin, s only day-light that makes Sin, hich these dun shades will ne'er report. il Goddess of Nocturnal sport, rk-vail'd Cotytto, t'whom the secret flame mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame, at ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom, d makes one blot of all the air, y thy cloudy Ebon Chair, herein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend thy vow'd Priests, 'till utmost end all thy dues be done, and none left out, e the blabbing Eastern scout, e nice Morn on the Indian steep om her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

And

And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace Of fome chast footing near about this ground. Run to your shrouds, within these Barks and Trees Our number may affright: Some Virgin fure (For fo I can distinguish by mine Art) Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms And to my wily trains. I shall ere-long Be well-stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl My dazling Spells into the spungy air, Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, And give it false presentments, lest the place And my quaint habits breed aftonishment, And put the Damfel to suspicious flight, Which must not be, for that's against my course I under fair pretence of friendly ends, And well-plac'd words of glozing courtefie, Baited with reasons not unplausible,

Win me into the easie-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear some harmless Villager,
Whom thrist keeps up about his Country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And harken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of Riot and ill-manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocund Flute, or gamesome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full,
In want on dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be both
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading savour of these Pines,

Stept

Stept as they faid to the next Thicket fide To bring me Berries, or fuch cooling fruit As the kind hospitable Woods provide. They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n Like a fad Votarist in Palmers weed Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phabus wain. But where they are, and why they came not back, Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likelieft They had engag'd their wandring steps too far, And envious darkness, ere they could return, Had stole them from me; else O theevish night, Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end, In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars, That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps With everlasting oil, to give due light To the mif-led and lonely Traveller? This is the place, as well as I may guess, Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear, Yet nought but fingle darkness do I find. What might this be? A thousand fantasies Begin to throng into my memory Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,

And

P

And airy tongues, that fyllable mens names On Sands and Shoars, and defart Wilderneffes. These thoughts may startle well, but not assound The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended By a strong siding champion, Conscience. Owelcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope, Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings, And thou unblemisht form of Chastity; Ifee ye vifibly, and now believe That He, the Supreme Good, t'whom all things ill Are but as flavish officers of vengeance, Would fend a gliff'ring Guardian if need were To keep my life and honour unaffail'd. Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud Turn forth her filver lining on the night? I did not err, there does a fable cloud Turn forth her filver lining on the night, And casts a gleam over this tusted Grove. I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

R

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some smont still of Will Grand not vin him

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv's unseen
Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-imbroider'd vale,

Where the lowe-lorn Nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O if thou have

Hid them in some slowry Cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear, So may'st thou he translated to the Skies, And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould Breathe fuch divine inchanting ravishment? Sure something holy lodges in that breast, And with these raptures moves the vocal air To testisse his hidden residence:

How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of filence, through the empty-vaulted night, At every fall smoothing the raven-doun Of Darkness 'till it smil'd: I have oft heard My Mother Circe with the Sirens three, Amidst the flowry-kirtled Naiades Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs. Who as they fung, would take the prison'd Soul, And lap it in Elysum: Sylla wept, And chid her barking waves into attention, And fell Charybdis murmur'd foft applause: Yet they in pleasing slumber hull'd the Sense, And in fweet madness robb'd it of it felf. But fuch a facred, and home-felt delight, Such fober certainty of waking blifs I never heard 'till now. I'll speak to her, And she shall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonders Whom certain these rough shades did never breed. Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood. La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is loft that praife That is addrest to unattending Ears;

R 2

Not

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift How to regain my sever'd company, Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you

La. Dim darkness, and this leasy Labyrinth. [thus?

Co. Could that divide you from near ushering

La. They left me weary on a graffie turf. [guides?

Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To feek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick re-

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my missortune is to hit!

. Co. Imports their lofs, befide the present need?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As fmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two fuch I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe In his loose traces from the surrow came, And the swink't hedger at his supper sat; I saw them under a green mantling Vine

That

That crawls along the fide of you small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a facry vision

Of some gay creatures of the Element,

That in the colours of the Rainbow live,

And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,

And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,

To help you find them. La. Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose, In such a scant allowance of Star-light, Would over-task the best Land-Pilot's art, Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green, Dingle, or buffly dell of this wild Wood, And every bosky bourn from fide to fide, My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood: And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, Or shroud within these limits, I shall know Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted Lark

R 3

From

From her thatch'd pallat rowse; if otherwise I can conduct you, Lady, to a low But loyal cottage, where you may be fafe 'Till further quest. La. Shepherd, I take thy word, And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie, Which oft is fooner found in lowly sheds With fmoaky rafters, than in tap'flry Halls And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd, And yet is most pretended: In a place Less warranted than this, or less secure I cannot be, that I should fear to change it. Eye me, bleft Providence, and square my tryal To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair That wont'st to love the Travailers benizon, [Moon Stoop thy pale vifage through an amber cloud, And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here In double night of darkness, and of shades; Or if your Influence be quite damm'd up With black usurping mists, some gentle taper, (Though a Rush-candle from the wicker hole Of some clay habitation) visit us

With

With thy long levell'd rule of ffreaming light; And thou shale be our Star of Aroudy, Or Tyrian Cynosure. 2 Bro. Or if our eyes Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear of The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes Or found of pastoral reed with oaten stops; Or whiftle from the Lodge, or Village Cocked Count the night watches to his feathery Danies, Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs. But O that hapless Virgin! our lost fifter, Where may she wander now, whither betake her From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles? Perhaps some cold bank is her boulfter now, Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm-Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with fad fears. What if in wild amazement, and affright, Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp Of favage hunger, or of favage heat? Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; For grant they be fo, while they reft unknown,

R 4

What need a man forestall his date of grief,

And

And run to meet what he would most avoid? Or if they be but false alarms of Fear. How bitter is fuch felf-delufion? I do not think my Sifter fo to feek, Or fo unprincipled in Virtue's book, And the fweet peace that goodness bosoms ever, As that the fingle want of light and noise (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts, And put them into mif-becoming plight. Virtue could fee to do what Virtue would By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon Were in the flat Sea funk. And Wifdom's felf Oft feeks to fweet retired Solitude. Where with her best nurse Contemplation, She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings, That in the various buftle of refort Were all too ruffled, and fometimes impair'd. He that has light within his own clear breaft, May fit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day; But he that hides a dark foul, and foul thoughts, Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun; Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis most true, That musing Meditation most affects The pensive secrecy of defart Cell, Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds. And fits as fafe as in a Senate House: For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds. His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Difh, Or do his gray Hairs any violence? But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eve. To fave her bloffoms, and defend her fruit From the rash hand of bold Incontinence. You may as well spread out the unfunn'd heaps Of Misers Treasure by an Outlaw's den, And tell me it is fafe, as bid me hope Danger will wink on Opportunity, And let a fingle helpless Maiden pass Uninjur'd in this wild furrounding waste Of night; of loneliness it recks me not, I fear the dread events that dog them both, Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro.

Infer, as if I thought my Sifter's flate
Secure without all doubt, or controverse:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear,
Does arbitrate the Event, my Nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left.
As you imagine, the has a hidden strength.
Which you remember not.

2 Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

El. Bro. Imean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis Chastity, my Brother, Chastity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No Savage sierce, Bandite, or Mountaineer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells

By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades, She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, Be it not done in pride, or in prefumption. Some fay no evil thing that walks by night, In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen, Blue meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost, That breaks his magick chains at Curfue time, No Goblin, or fwart Fairy of the Mine, Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity. Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece To testifie the arms of Chastity? Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow. Fair filver-shafted Queen for ever chaste, Wherewith fhe tam'd the brinded Lioness. And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought The frivolous bolt of Cupid: gods and men Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th' What was that fnaky-headed Gorgon shield [Woods. That wife Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin, Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone, But rigid looks of chaste austerity, And noble grace that dash'd brute violence

With

With fudden adoration, and blank awe? So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chastity, That when a Soul is found fincerely fo, A thousand liveried Angels lackey her, Driving far off each thing of fin and guilt, And in clear dream, and folemn vision, Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear; 'Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, The unpolluted temple of the Mind, And turns it by degrees to the Soul's effence, 'Till all be made immortal; but when Lust. By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk, But most by leud and lavish act of sin, Lets in defilement to the inward parts, The Soul grows clotted by contagion, Imbodies, and imbrutes, 'till she quite lose The divine property of her first being. Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp Oft feen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres, Lingring, and fitting by a new-made grave, As loth to leave the Body that it loy'd, And linkt it felf by carnal fenfuality To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's Lute,

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,

Where no crude furfeit reigns. Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, Some far-off hollow break the filent Air. [I hear

2 Bro. Methought so too; what should it be? Eld. Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here, Or else some Neighbour Woodman, or, at worst, Some roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2 Bro. Heav'n keep my Sister. Agen, agen, and Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [near:

Eld. Bro. I'll hollow;

If he be friendly he comes well; if not,

Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hollow I should know, what are you? speak.

Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spi. What voice is that? my young Lord? fpeak agen.

2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd fure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delaid

The

The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetned every muskrose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy, I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Wolf; not all the sleecy wealth
That doth inrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee fadly, Shepherd, without Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. [blame,

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

El. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prethee brief-Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, [ly shew.

(Though fo esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets, taught by th' Heavenly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire Chimera's and inchanted Isles,

And

And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell For fuch there be, but unbelief is blind. Within the navel of this hideous Wood, Immur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus, Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries; And here to every thirsty wanderer By fly enticement gives his baneful cup, With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison The vifage quite transforms of him that drinks, And the inglorious likeness of a beast Fixes inflead, unmoulding reason's mintage Character'd in the face; this have I learnt, Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts, That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night He and his monftrous rout are heard to how! Like stabled Wolves, or Tigers at their prey, Doing abhorred rites to Hecate In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers. Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells T' inveigle and invite th'unwary fense Of them that pass unweeting by the way. This evening late, by then the chewing flocks Had Had ta'en their supper on the favoury Herb Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold, I fet me down to watch upon a bank With Ivy canopied, and interwove With flaunting Hony-fuckle, and began Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy, To meditate my rural minstrelsie, 'Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close, The wonted roar was up amidst the woods, And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance. At which I ceas'd, and liften'd them a-while, 'Till an unufual stop of sudden silence Gave respite to the drowsie frighted steeds That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep. At last a fost and solemn breathing sound Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes, And stole upon the Air, that even Silence Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might Deny her Nature, and be never more, Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, And took in strains that might create a Soul Under the ribs of Death: but O ere long Too well I did perceive it was the voice

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Of

Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister. Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I, How fweet thou fing'it, how near the deadly fnare! Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hafte, Through paths and turnings often trod by day, 'Till guided by mine ear I found the place Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly difguife, (For fo by certain figns I knew) had met Already, ere my best speed could prevent, The aidless innocent Lady his wisht prey, Who gently ask'd if he had feen fuch two, Supposing him some neighbour villager: Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung Into fwift flight, 'till I had found you here. But further know I not. 2 Bro. Onight and shades, How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot, Against th' unarmed weakness of one Virgin Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence You gave me, Brother? Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep Tit flill. Lean on it fafely, not a period Shall be unfaid for me: against the threats

Of malice or of forcery, or that power Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm, Virtue may be affail'd, but never hurt, Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd: Yea even that which mischief meant most harm, Shall in the happy tryal prove most glory. But evil on it felf shall back recoyl, And mix no more with goodness, when at last Gather'd like fcum, and fettled to it felf, It shall be in eternal restless change Self-fed, and felf-confumed; if this fail, The pillar'd firmament is rottenness, And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on. Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n May never this just sword be lifted up; But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt With all the griefly legions that troop Under the footy flag of Acheron, Harpyes and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms 'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out, And force him to reftore his purchase back,' Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death, Curs'd as his life.

Spir.

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Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,

I love thy Courage yet, and bold Emprife;
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of Hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd, How durst thou then thy self approach so near, As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the Lady from surprisal,

Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,

Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd

In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb

That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:

He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender grass

Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasie,

And in requital ope his leathern scrip,

And shew me simples of a thousand names,

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,

S 2

But

But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright Golden flowre, but not in this soyl:
Unknown, and little esteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Vlysses gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'raign use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
Or ghastly suries apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
'Till now that this extremity compell'd.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, tho' difguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly affault the Necromancer's Hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardyhood,
And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;

But

But seise his wand, though he and his curst crew Fierce sign of Battail make, and menace high, Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak, Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis lead on apace, I'll follow thee, And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand, Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster, And you a Statue, or as Daphne was, Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

La. Fool, do not boaft,

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown? Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates Sorrow slies far: See here be all the pleasures

S 3

That

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts, When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-season. And first behold this cordial Julep here, That flames and dances in his crystal bounds, With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt. Not that Nepenthes which the Wife of Thone In Agypt, gave to Jove-born Helena, Is of fuch power to stir up joy as this, To life fo friendly, or fo cool to thirst. Why should you be so cruel to your felf, And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent For gentle usage, and foft delicacy? But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust, And harshly deal like an ill borrower With that which you receiv'd on other terms, Scorning the unexempt condition By which all mortal frailty must subsist, Refreshment after toil, ease after pain, That have been tir'd all day without repast, And timely rest have wanted: but fair Virgin, This will reffore all foon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty

That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lyes. Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, soul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits sit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the Stoick Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and slocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?

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And fet to work millions of spinning Worms, That in their green shops weave the smoth-hair'd silk To deck her Sons; and that no corner might Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns She hutch't th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems To store her children with; if all the world Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse, Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Frieze, Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd, Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd, And we should serve him as a grudging Master, As a penurious niggard of his wealth, And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons, Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight, And strangled with her waste fertility; Tolumes. Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with The herds would over-multitude their Lords. The Sea o'erfraught would fwell, and th'unfought Di-Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep, [amonds And fo bestud with Stars, that they below Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows. List Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd With With that same vaunted name Virginity; Beauty is Nature's coyn, must not be hoorded, But must be current, and the good thereof Confifts in mutual and partaken blifs, Unfavoury in th'injoyment of it felf; If you let slip time, like a neglected rose It withers on the stalk with languish't head. Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities, Where most may wonder at the workmanship; It is for homely features to keep home, They had their name thence; coarfe complexions And cheeks of forry grain will ferve to ply The fampler, and to teize the hufwives wooll. What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that, Love-darting eyes, or treffes like the Morn? There was another meaning in these gifts, Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler Would think to charm my Judgment, as mine eyes, Obtruding false Rules, prankt in Reason's garb, I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,

And

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride. Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature, As If she would her children should be riotous With her abundance; she good cateress Means her provision only to the good, That live according to her fober laws, And holy dictate of spare Temperance: If every just man that now pines with want Had but a moderate and befeeming share Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury Now heaps upon fome few with vast excess, Nature's full bleffings would be well dispens'd, In unsuperfluous even proportion, And she no whit encumber'd with her store. And then the giver would be better thank'd, His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast, But with befotted base ingratitude Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on? Or have I faid enough? To him that dares Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity, Fain would I fomething fay, yet to what end?

Thou

Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend The fublime notion, and high mystery That must be utter'd, to unfold the sage And ferious doctrine of Virginity, And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know More happiness than this thy present lot. Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick That hath fo well been taught her dazling fence, Thou art not fit to hear thy felf convinc'd; Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits To fuch a flame of facred vehemence, That dumb things would be mov'd to fympathize, And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and 'Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high, [shake, Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words fet off by some superior power;
And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,

This

This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape? O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand, And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd, And backward mutters of dissevering power, We cannot free the Lady that sits here In stony setters sixt, and motionless:

Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, Some other means I have which may be us'd, Which once of Melibaus old I learnt,

The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence,

There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
stream,
Sa-

Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure; Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine, That had the Scepter from his Father Brute. She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit Of her enraged Stepdame Guendolen, Commended her fair innocence to the flood, That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course. The Water-Nymphs that in the bottom plaid, Heldup their pearled wrifts and took her in, Bearing her streight to aged Nereus' Hall, Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head, And gave her to his daughters to imbathe In nectar'd lavers strew'd with Asphodil; And through the porch and inlet of each fense Dropt in Ambrofial Oyls 'till she reviv'd, And underwent a quick immortal change, Made Goddess of the River: still she retains Her Maiden gentleness, and oft at Eve Visits the herds along the twilight meadows, Helping all Urchin blafts, and ill-luck figns That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make; Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals, For which the Shepherds at their Festivals

Carrol

Carrol her goodness lowd in rustick lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Dassadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled Song:
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a Virgin, such as was her self,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent Wave,
In twisted Braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
Listen for dear Honour's sake,
Goddess of the Silver Lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us, In name of great Oceanus, B

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By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace, And Tethys grave majestick pace, By hoary Nereus wrinkled look, And the Carpathian wifard's hook, By fealy Triton's winding shell, And old footh-faying Glaucus spell, By Leucothea's lovely hands, And her Son that rules the strands, By Thetis tinfel flipper'd feet, And the Songs of Sirens fweet, By dead Parthenope's dear tomb, And fair Ligea's golden comb, Wherewith she sits on Diamond rocks. Sleeking her foft alluring locks, By all the Nymphs that nightly dance Upon thy streams with wily glance, Rife, rife, and heave thy rosie head From thy coral-paven bed, And bridle in thy headlong wave, 'Till thou our fummons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings,

By the rushy-fringed bank,

Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,

My sliding Chariot stays,

Thick set with Agat, and the azure sheen

Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green

That in the channel strays,

Whilst from off the waters fleet

Thus I set my printless feet

O'er the Cowslip's Velvet head,

That bends not as I tread;

Gentle Swain, at thy request

I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and thro' the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help infnared chastity;

Brightelt

Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy singers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold,
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,

T

Nor

Nor wet October's torrent flood.

Thy molten crystal fill with mud;

May thy billows rowl ashoar.

The Beryl, and the golden Ore;

May thy lofty Head be crown'd.

With many a Tower and Terrass round,

And here and there thy banks upon

With Groves of Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.

Come Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curfed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us intice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
'Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide;
And not many surlongs thence
Is your Father's Residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend, to gratulate
His wished presence; and beside
All the Swains that there abide,

With

With Jiggs, and rural dance refort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chear.
Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But Night sits Monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle; then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, Shepherds, back, anough your play,
'Till next Sun-shine holiday;
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades,
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

T 2

This

This fecond Song prefents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,

I have brought ye new delight:

Here behold so goodly grown

Three fair branches of your own;

Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,

Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And sent them here through hard assays

With a Crown of deathless Praise,

To triumph in victorious dance

O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:

Along

Along the crifped shades and bowres Revels the fpruce and jocund Spring, The Graces, and the rofie-bosom'd Hours, Thither all their bounties bring, There eternal Summer dwells. And West-winds, with musky wing About the cedar'n alleys fling Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells. Iris there with humid bow Waters the odorous banks, that blow Flowers of more mingled hew Than her purfled fcarf can shew, And drenches with Elysian dew (List mortals if your ears be true) Beds of Hyacinth and Roses, Where young Adonis oft repofes, Waxing well of his deep wound In flumber foft, and on the ground Sadly fits th' Affyrian Queen; But far above in spangled sheen Celestial Cupid her fam'd Son advanc'd, Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,

After

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After her wandring labours long,
'Till free confent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can foar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free;

She can teach ye how to clime

Higher than the Sphery chime;

Heav'n it felf would stoop to her.

Or if virtue feeble were,



ONTHE

MORNING

OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King, Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born, Our great Redemption from above did bring; For fo the holy Sages once did fing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release, And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious Form, that Light unfufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,

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For-

For fook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a dark fom House of mortal Clay,
III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the Honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

T was the Winter wild, While the Heav'n-born child All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gawdy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize: It was no season then for her To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair She wooes the gentle Air,

To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow, And on her naked shame, Pollute with sinful blame,

The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw: Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look fo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease, Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;

She, crown'd with Olive green, came foftly sliding Down through the turning sphear His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;

And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal Peace thro' Sea and Land,
IV.

No War, or Battel's found Was heard the World around,

The idle fpear and shield were high up hung; The hooked Chariot stood Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng; And Kings sat still with awful eye, As if they surely knew their sov'rain Lord wasby.

V.

But peaceful was the night, Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began: The Winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm fit brooding on the charmed
VI. [wave.

The Stars with deep amaze Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending

Bending one way their precious influence; And will not take their flight, For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed, And hid his head for shame, As his inferiour flame

The new-enlighten'd World no more should He saw a greater Sun appear [need; Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could VIII. [bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,

Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustick row;

Full little thought they then,

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below:

Perhaps

Perhaps their loves, or elfe their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep,
IX

When fuch musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook:

Divinely warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,

As all their Souls in blissful rapture took:

The Air fuch pleasure loth to lofe,

With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly Close.

Nature that heard fuch found

Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's feat, the airy region thrilling,

Now was almost won

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;

She knew fuch harmony alone

Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight A Globe of circular light,

That

T

A

F

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night ar-The helmed Cherubim [ray'd: And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd, Harping in loud and solemn quire, With unexpressive notes to Heavens new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis faid)

Before was never made,

But when of old the fons of morning fung,

While the Creator great

His Constellations set,

And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung, And cast the dark foundations deep, And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal sphears,

Once bless our humane ears,

(If ye have power to touch our fenses so)

And let your filver chime

Move in melodious time:

at

And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full confort to the Angelick fymphony.

XIV.

For if fuch holy Song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;

And speckl'd vanity

Will ficken foon and die,

And leprous fin will melt from earthly mould; And Hell it felf will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a Rainbow, and like glories wearing:

Mercy will fit between,

Thron'd in Celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering;

And Heav'n, as at some Festival,

Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace-hall.

XVI.

But wifest Fate says no, This must not yet be so,

The

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross

Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorifie:

Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the XVII. [deep.

With fuch a horrid clang

As on mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and fmouldring clouds out The aged Earth agast, [brake:

With terrour of that blaft,

Shall from the furface to the centre shake;

When at the world's last fession,

The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his XVIII. [throne.]

And then at last our bliss

Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day-

Th' old Dragon under ground

In straiter limits bound,

Not half fo far casts his usurped sway;

And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.
XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous humm

Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving. No nightly trance, or breathed spell, Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're, And the refounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament; From haunted spring, and dale, Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with fighing fent;
With flow'r-inwoven treffes torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

XXI.

[mourn.]

In confecrated Earth, And on the holy Hearth,

Da A

The

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint: In Urns, and Altars round,

A drear and dying found

Affrights the Flamins at their fervice quaint; And the chill Marble feems to fweat, While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted feat. XXII.

Peor and Baalim

Forfake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of Palestine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,

Now fits not girt with Tapers holy shine;

The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled,

Hath left in shadows dred

His burning Idol all of blackest hue;

In vain, with Cymbals ring,

They call the grifly King,

In difmal dance about the furnace blue;

U

The

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unfhower'd Grafs with lowings
Nor can he be at reft
[loud:

Within his facred cheft,

Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud; In vain with timbrel'd Anthems dark The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worship'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's Land The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;

Nor all the Gods beside,

Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in fnaky twine:

Our Babe, to fhew his Godhead true,

Can in his fwadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed, Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' Infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd
XXVII. [maze.

But see the Virgin blest Hath laid her Babe to rest,

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending: Heav'n's youngest teemed Star Hath fix'd her polish'd Car,

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attend-And all about the Courtly Stable Ling: Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.



U 2

Anno

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his, dying of a Cough.

I

Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss, But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For fince grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity sull near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was
[held.

III. So

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air,
He wander'd long, 'till thee he fpy'd from far,
There ended was his quest, there ccast his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perfuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corfe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee fo strictly doom?

Oh no! for fomething in thy face did shine Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

Refolve me then, oh Soul most purely blest, (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)

Tell me bright Spirit where-e'er thou hoverest, Whether above that high sirst-moving Sphere,

Or in th' Elysian sields (if such there were)

O fay me true, if thou wert mortal wight, And why from us to quickly thou did take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Star which from the ruin'd roof Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall; Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof Took up, and in sit place did reinstal? Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess sled, Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head? VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before Forfook the hated earth, O tell me footh, And cam'st again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?

Or that crown'd Matron fage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudie throne to do the World some
[good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoaft,
Who having clad thy felf in humane weed,
To earth from thy prefixed feat didst poast,
And after short abode slie back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on sire
To scornthe fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To stake his wrath whom sin bath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?

But thou canst best perform that office where thou art,

XI.

Then thou the Mother of fo sweet a Child Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament, And wisely learn to curb thy forrows wild;

U 4

Think

Think what a prefent thou to God hast sent,

And render him with patience what he lent:

This if thou do, he will an off-spring give,

That 'till the World's last end shall make thy name to

[live.]

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

HAIL native Language, that by finews weak Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,

And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:

And, if it happen as I did forecast, The daintiest dishes shall be ferv'd up last; I pray thee then deny me not thy aid For this fame fmall neglect that I have made: But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure. And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure. Not those new-fangled toys, and trimmings flight, Which take our late Fantasticks with delight: But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st Attire, Which deepest Spirits and choicest Wits desire: I have fome naked thoughts that rove about, And loudly knock to have their passage out; And weary of their place do only stay 'Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array; That so they may without suspect or fears Fly fwiftly to this fair Assembly's ears: Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse, Thy fervice in some graver subject use, Such as may make thee fearch thy coffers round Before thou cloath my fancy in fit found: Such where the deep transported mind may foar Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door

Look

Look in, and see each blissful Deity How he before the thunderous throne doth lie, Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire: Then passing through the Spheres of watchful fire, And mistie Regions of wide air next under, And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder, May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves, In heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves: Then fing of fecret things that came to pass When Beldam Nature in her cradle was: And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old, Such as the wife Demodocus once told In folemn Songs at King Alcinous' feast, While fad Vlysses foul and all the rest Are held with his melodious harmony In willing chains and fweet captivity. But fie, my wandring Muse, how thou dost stray! Expectance calls thee now another way, Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent To keep in compass of thy Predicament: Then quick about thy purpos'd business come, That to the next I may refign my Room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons; which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

OOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth The Fairy Ladies danc'd upon the hearth; Thy drowfie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie; And fweetly finging round about thy Bed, Strew all their bleffings on thy fleeping Head. She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still From eyes of mortals walk invisible: Yet there is fomething that doth force my fear, For once it was my difmal hap to hear A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked Age, That far Events full wifely could prefage, And in Time's long and dark Prospective Glass Fore-faw what future days should bring to pass; Your Son, faid she, (nor can you it prevent) Shall fubject be to many an Accident. O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King, Yet every one shall make him underling;

And those that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing,
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her slow'ry lap:
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose, then Relation was call'd by his name.

R Ivers arise; whether thou be the Son Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphie Dun, Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads His thirty Arms along th' indented Meads, Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, Or Severn swift, guilty of Maidens death,

Or

Or rockie Avon, or of fedgie Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians Name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame.
The rest was Prose.

The PASSION.

I.

E RE-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II

For now to forrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere-long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight,

He fov'rain Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor sleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my Phubus bound:
His Godlike acts, and his temptations sierce,
And former sufferings, otherwhere are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's Trump doth sound;
Me softer airsbesit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My forrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,

And letters where my tears have washt a wannish

[white.

See fee the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar slood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub seels,
To bear me where the Towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my Soul in holy vision sit In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick sit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store;
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,

That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters. VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my forrows loud, Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud,

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfy'd with what was begun, left it unfinisht.

On TIME.

Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,

And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb,
Then, all this Earthy grosness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,O
[Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright
That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your siery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease;

X

Alas

Alas, how foon our fin

Sore doth begin

His Infancy to feize!

O more exceeding love or law more just?

Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!

For we by rightful doom remediless

Were lost in death, 'till he that dwelt above

High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;

And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress

Intirely satisfy'd,

And the full wrath beside

Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,

And seals obedience first with wounding smart

This day; but O ere long

Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

B Lest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy, Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse,

Wed

Wed your divine founds, and mixt power employ Dead things with inbreath'd fense able to pierce, And to our high-rais'd phantasie present That undisturbed Song of pure content, Ay fung before the faphire-colour'd throne To him that fits thereon With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee, Where the bright Seraphim in burning row Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow, And the Cherubick hoft in thousand quires Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires, With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms, Hymns devote and holy Pfalms Singing everlastingly; That we on Earth with undiscording voice May rightly answer that melodious noise; As once we did, 'till disproportion'd sin Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we foon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, 'till God ere long
To his celestial confort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

E P I T A P H

ON THE Marchioness of Winchester.

The honour'd Wife of Winchester,
A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.

Yet had the number of her days Been as compleat as was her praife, Nature and fate had had no strife In giving limit to her life. Her high birth, and her graces fweet, Quickly found a lover meet; The Virgin quire for her request The God that fits at marriage-feast; He at their invoking came, But with a scarce well-lighted flame; And in his Garland as he stood, Ye might discern a Cypress bud. Once had the early Matrons run To greet her of a lovely Son, And now with fecond hopes she goes, And calls Lucina to her throws; But whether by mischance or blame Atropos for Lucina came; And with remorfeless cruelty Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: The hapless Babe before his birth Had burial, yet not laid in earth, X 3

And the languisht Mother's Womb Was not long a living Tomb. So have I feen fome tender flip Sav'd with care from Winter's nip, The pride of her carnation train, Pluck'd up by fome unheedy fwain, Who only thought to crop the flower New shot up from vernal show'r; But the fair bloffom hangs the head Side-ways, as on a dying bed; And those Pearls of dew she wears. Prove to be presaging tears, Which the fad morn had let fall On her hast'ning Funeral. Gentle Lady, may thy grave Peace and quiet ever have; After this day's travel fore Sweet rest seize thee evermore, That to give the World encrease, Shortned hast thy own life's lease: Here, besides the forrowing That thy noble House doth bring,

Here

Here be tears of perfect moan Wept for thee in Helicon, And fome Flowers, and fome Bays, For thy Herfe, to strew the ways, Sent thee from the banks of Came, Devoted to thy virtuous name; Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory, Next her much like to thee in story, That fair Syrian Shepherdess, Who after years of barrenness, The highly favour'd Joseph bore To him that ferv'd for her before: And at her next birth, much like thee, Through pangs fled to felicity, Far within the bosom bright Of blazing Majesty and Light. There with thee, new welcome Saint, Like fortunes may her foul acquaint; With thee there clad in radiant sheen, No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

X 4

SONG.

SONG. On May Morning.

Ow the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the East, and leads with

The Flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws The yellow Cowflip, and the pale Primrofe. Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire Mirth and Youth and warm Defire: Woods and Groves are of thy dreffing: Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing. Thus we falute thee with our early Song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

Hat needs my Shakespear, for his honour'd The labour of an age in piled Stones, [Bones Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid? Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame, What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thou

H

F

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1

Thou in our wonder and aftonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th'shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University Carrier, who sicken'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

He's here fluck in a flough, and overthrown.
Twas fuch a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.

And furely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed,

T

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Another on the same.

That he could never die while he could move:

So hung his destiny, never to rot

While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,

Made of sphear-metal, never to decay

Until his revolution was at stay.

Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime

Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:

And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and weight,

His principles being ceast, he ended strait.

Rest,

Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death, And too much breathing put him out of breath; Nor were it contradiction to affirm, Too long vacation hasten'd on his term: Meerly to drive the time away, he ficken'd, Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd; Nay, quoth he, on his fwooning bed out-stretch'd, If I mayn't carry, fure I'll ne'er be fetch'd, But vow, though the crofs Doctors all stood hearers. For one Carrier put down to make fix bearers. Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right, He dy'd for heaviness that his Cart went light: His leisure told him that his time was come, And lack of load made his life burdensome, That even to his last breath (there be that fay't) As he were prest to death, he cry'd more weight; But had his doings lasted as they were, He had been an immortal Carrier. Obedient to the Moon, he spent his date In course reciprocal, and had his fate Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas, Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase: His Letters are deliver'd all and gon, Only remains this Superscription.

AD PYRRHAM. ODEV

1

R

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat est miseros.

VIS multà gracilis te puer in rosa Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus, Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? Cui flavam religas comam Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem Mutatosque deos flebis, & aspera Nigris aquora ventis Emirabitur infolens, Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea: Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem Sperat, nescius auræ Fallacis. Miseri, quibus Intentata nites. me tabula sacer Votiva paries indicat uvida; Suspendisse potenti Vestimenta maris Deo.

The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours

Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave, Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatnefs? O how oft shall he

On Faith and changed Gods complain; and Seas

Rough with black winds and storms

Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,

Who always vacant, always amiable

Hopes thee; of flattering gales

Unmindful. Hapless they

Towhom thou untry'd feem'st fair. Me in my vow'd

Picture the facred wall declares t'have hung

My dank and dropping weeds

To the stern God of Sea.

On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

B Ecause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
To seize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament

That so the Parliament May with their wholsom and preventive shears Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,

And fuccour our just Fears:

When they shall read this clearly in your charge, New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ Large.

SON

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W

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the Nightingale.

Nightingale, that on you bloomy Spray, [still, Warblest at eeve, when all the Woods are Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill, While the jolly hours lead on propitious May. Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day, First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill, Portend success in Love; O, if Jove's will Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay, Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove ny; As thou from year to year hast sung too late For my relief; yet hadst no reason why, Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate, Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SON-

SONNET II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'insiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera L'avezza giovinetta pastorella Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,

Così Amor meco insu la lingua snello

Desta il sior novo di strania favella,

Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,

Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso

E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso

Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.

Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno

A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

R Idonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M'accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi

Y

Perche

Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi

Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore

Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

SONNET IV.

Diodati, e te'l dird con maraviglia,
Quel ritrofo io ch'amor spreggiar solen
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia eaddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno sulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran suoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

SONNET V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia

Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole

Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole

Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,

Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)

Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole

Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela

Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco

Quivi d'attorno s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;

Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco

Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose

Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

SONNET VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono, Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante

Y 2

L'hebbi

L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,

De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;

Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,

Sarma di se, e d'intero diamante,

Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,

Di timori, e speranze al popol use

Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,

E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:

Sol troverete in tal parte men duro

Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

SONNET VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How foon hath Time, the futtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days slie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shewith.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n

To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,

As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

SONNET VIII.

To the Soldier to Spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

Whose chance on these desenceless doors may Is deed of honour did thee ever please, [sease, Guard them, and him within protect from harms. He can requite thee, for he knows the charms

That call Fame on such gentle acts as these;

And he can spread thy name o'er Lands and Seas, Whatever clime the Sun's bright circle warms. List not thy spear against the Muses Bowre.

The great Emathian Conqueror did spare

The house of Pindarus, when Temple and Went to the ground: And the repeated air Towre Of sad Electra's Poet had the power

To save th' Athenian Walls from ruin bare.

Y 3

SON-

SONNET IX.

To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those sew art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth

The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.

Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends

To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,

And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be

fure

Thou, when the bridegroom with his feathful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

SONNET X.

To the Lady Margaret Lee, Daughter to the Earl of Marlborough.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President Of England's Council, and her Treasury,

Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or see,
And lest them both, more in himself content,
'Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him; as that dishonest victory
At Cheronea, satal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your Father flourisht, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to posses them, Honour'd Margaret.

SONNET XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with,

A Book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,

And woven close, both matter, form and stile;

The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,

Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'don.

Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on

A title page is this! and some in file

Stand spelling salse, while one might walk to Mile
End Green. Why it is harder Sirs than Gordon,

Y 4

Col-

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

[sleek, Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek, Hated not Learning worse than Toad or Asp; When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward [Greek]

H

SONNET XII.

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Dogs:
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born Progenie,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in see.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hogs;
That bawle for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
But from that mark how far they roave we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

SONNET XIII.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd Song First taught our English Musick how to span Words with just note and accent, not to scan With Midas' Ears, committing short and long; Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, With praise enough for Envy to look wan:

To after age thou shalt be writ the man, [tongue. That with smooth aire couldst humour best our Thouhonour'st Verse; and Verse must send her wing To honour thee, the Priest of Phaebus' Quire, That tun'st the happiest lines in Hymn or Story. Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing, Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

SONNET XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never, Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God, Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load Of Death, call'd Life, which us from life doth sever. Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod; But as Faith pointed with her golden rod, Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew thembest Thy hand-maids, clad'em o'er with purple beams And azure wings, that up they slew so drest,

And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

SONNET XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms thro' Europe rings, And fills all mouths with Envy or with Praise, And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;

Thy Firm unshaken Valour ever brings
Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
Their Hydra Heads, and the false North displays
Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.

O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand!

For what can War but acts of War still breed,

'Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,

And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand
Of publick fraud. In vain does Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

SONNET XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in Years, but in fage Councils old,
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
The Helm of Rome (when Gowns not Arms reThe fierce Epirot, and the African bold) [pel'd
Whether to fettle Peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow States, hard to be spel'd.
Then to advise how War may be best upheld,
Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
In all her Equipage: Besides to know [have done:
What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which sew
The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.

SONNET XVII.

TO O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd Not of War only, but Distractions rude,

1

(Guided by Faith and matchless Fortitude)
To Peace and Truth thy glorious way hast plow'd, And fought God's Battles, and his Works pursu'd, While Darwent Streams with blood of Scots im And Dunbar field resound thy Praises loud, [bru'd, And Worcester's Laureat wreath. Yet much remains To conquer still; Peace has her Victories
No less than those of War. New Foes arise,
Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains: Help us to save free Conscience from the Paw Of hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

SONNET XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubled to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow

O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The tripple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may sly the Babylonian wo.

SONNET XIX.

To Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these Eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Berest of Sight, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle Orbes does day appear,
Or Sun, or Moon, or Stars throughout the year;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's Hand, or Will; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The Conscience, friend, t'have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.
This Thought might lead me thro' this world's
vain mask,

Content, tho' blind, had I no other Guide.

SON-

SONNET XX.

F

When I consider how my light is spent,

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, tho' my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, less he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need Either man's work or his own gifts; who best Bear his mild yoak, they serve him best, his State

Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait.

SONNET XXI.

To Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of Cromwell's Council.

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day? what may be won

From the hard Season gaining: time will run On fmoother, 'till Favonius re-inspire The frozen earth; and cloath in fresh attire The Lillie and Rose, that neither fow'd nor spun. What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice, Of Attick tafte, with Wine, whence we may rife To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice Warble immortal Notes and Tuscan Air? He who of those delights can judge, and spare To interpose them oft, is not unwise. Son to bor plad Husband gave,

SONNET XXII.

min had haid To Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench Of British Themis, with no mean applause Pronounc'd, and in his Volumes taught our Laws, Which others at their Bar so often wrench; To day deep thoughts refolve with me to drench In mirth, that after no repenting draws; Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause, And what the Swedes intend, and what the French. To meafure life, learn thou betimes, and know Toward folid good what leads the nearest way;

For

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, tho' wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

SONNET XXIII.

What cent report that their us, light and choice,

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by sorce, tho' pale and saint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purisication in th' old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her sace was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
So clear, as in no sace with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Galli

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori, Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid est piscium Salo, Qui frigida Hyeme incolitis algentes freta, Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat; Chartaque largus apparat papyrinos Vobis cucullos praferentes Claudii Insignia, nomenque & Decus Salmasii, Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratisimos.

Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Request thus:

Diva potens nemorum, &c.

Oddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will Walk'st on the lowring Sphears, and thro' the deep,

On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell

Z What

What Land, what feat of rest thou bid'st me leek, What certain Seat, where I may worship thee For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Quires.

To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a Vision that Night, thus answered;

Brute, fub occasum solis, &c.
Brutus, far to the West in th' Ocean wide

Brutus, far to the West in th' Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Gyants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting Seat,
There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise,
And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause Not thy Conversion, but those rich Domains That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee.

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy Horn,

Impudent Whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope? In thy Adulterers, or thy ill-got Wealth?

Another Constantine comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings Into a goodly Valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on Earth were lost, or were abus'd.

Then past he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

HORACE to QUINTIUS.

Whom do we count a good Man? whom but he Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate, Who judges in great Suits and Controversies, Whose Witness and Opinion wins the Cause? But his own House, and the whole Neighbourhood Sees his foul inside through his whited Skin.

Z 2

Four

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men Having t' advise the Publick may speak free, Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise; Who either can, or will, may hold his peace: What can be juster in a State than this?

Euripid.

HORACE.

—Valet ima summis
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Power that did create, can change the scene Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean: The brightest Glory can eclipse with might; And place the most obscure in dazling light.

HORACE.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ, Regumque matres barbarorum, & Purpurei metuunt Tyranni. Injurioso ne pede proruas

Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens

Ad arma cessantes, ad arma

Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,
All Purple Tyrants honour you;
The very wandring Scythians do
Support the Pillar of the Roman State.
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate.
Continue us in Wealth and Peace;
Let Wars and Tumults ever ceafe.

CATULLUS,

Tantò pessimus omnium Poeta, Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.

The worst of Poets I my self declare.

By how much you the best of Patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam? Picamque docuit, verba nostra conari?

Z 3

Ma-

Magister artis venter, & Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolosi spes resulferit uummi.
Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papa
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.

English'd.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering Pye,
To aim at English, and Hundreda cry?
The starving Rascal, slusht with just a hundred
English Jacobus's, Hundreda blundred.
An Out-law'd King's last Stock — A hundredmore
Wou'd make him pimp for th' Antichristian Whore;
And in Rome's Praise imploy his poison'd Breath,
Who threatned once to stink the Pope to Death.



PSALM

PSALMI.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

Less'd is the man who hath not walk'd affray In counsel of the Wicked, and i'th' way Of finners hath not flood, and in the feat Of scorners hath not fate. But in the great Jehovah's Law is ever his delight, And in his Law he studies day and night. He shall be as a tree which planted grows By watry ftreams, and in his feafon knows To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall, And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. Not fo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd The wind drives, fo the wicked shall not stand In judgment, or abide their tryal then, Not finners in th' affembly of just men, For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, And the way of bad men to ruin must.

Z 4

PSAL

PSAL. II. done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.

Hy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations

Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' Earth upstand With power, and Princes in their Congregations Lay deep their plots together through each Land Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear, Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell And sierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he, Anointed have my King (though ye rebell) On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree I will declare; The Lord to me hath said, Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee This day; ask of me, and the grant is made; As thy possession I on thee bestow Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd

Earth's

Ear

Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring sull low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye Judges of the Earth; with fear
Jebovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son less he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,

PSAL. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere,

Happy all those who have in him their stay.

When he fled from Absalom.

L Ord, how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they

That of my life distrustfully thus say, No help for him in God there lies. But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,

Thee through my story
Th'exalter of my head I count;

Aloud

Aloud I cry'd

Unto Jehovah, he full foon reply'd, And heard me from his holy mount. I lay and flept, I wak'd again,

For my fustain

Was the Lord. Of many millions.
The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about They pitch against me their Pavilions. Rife, Lord, save me my God, for thou

Hast smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the

Thy bleffing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

A Niwer me when I call,
God of my righteousness,
In straights and in distress
Thou didst me disinthrall

And

And fet at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones, how long will ye

My glory have in fcorn

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity, was a sound to the state of the sta

To love, to feek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lyes?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chofe to himself apart, house away on the

The good and meek of heart has an and heart

(For whom to choose he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not fin,

Speak to your hearts alone,

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that fay, the box has pulled

Who yet will shew us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright; Into my heart more joy And gladness thou hast put, Than when a year of glut Their stores doth over-cloy, And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where-e'er I lie;

As in a rocky Cell,

Thou Lord alone in fafety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12. 1653,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear

My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I'th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my Prayers, and watch 'till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight,

Evil with thee no biding makes,

Fools or mad-men fland not within thy fight.

All workers of iniquity

Thou hat'st; and them unblest

Thou wilt destroy that speak a lye;

The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.

But I will in thy mercies dear,

Thy numerous mercies, go,

Into thy House; I in thy fear

Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low.

Lord lead me in thy righteousness,

Lead me because of those

That do observe if I transgress;

Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.

For in his faultring mouth unstable

No word is firm or footh:

Their infide, troubles miferable;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth-

God, find them guilty, let them fall

By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing,
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

PSAL. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my foul is troubled fore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My foul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praile?

Wearied I am with fighing out my days,

Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;

My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye

Through grief confumes, is waxen old and dark

I'th' midft of all mine enemies that mark.

Depart all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my

My fupplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.

Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd

With much confusion; then grown red with shame,

They shall return in haste the way they came,

And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Ord my God to thee I flie,

Save and secure me under

Thy

Thy protection, while I cry, Lest as a Lion (and no wonder) He haste to tear my soul asunder, Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought Or done this, if wickedness Be in my hands, if I have wrought Ill to him that meant me peace, Or to him have render'd less, And not free'd my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonour soul.

Rife Jehovah in thine ire, Rouze thy felf amidst the rage Of my foes that urge like fire,

And

At

Ju

A

So

W

T

R

Je

Ji

And wake for me, their fury affwage: Judgment here thou didst engage And command which I defire.

God is a LD Judge and Jevere. So th'affemblies of each Nation Will furround thee, feeking right. Thence to thy glorious habitation Return on high, and in their fight, Jehovah judgeth most upright All people from the world's foundation.

(His emotus partiofely backle

Judge me Lord, be judge in this According to my righteoufness, And the innocence which is Upon me: cause at length to cease Of evil men the wickedness, And their power that do amiss.

Hodiowa pis and devide But the just establish fast, Since thou art the just God that tries Hearts and reins. On God is cast, My defence, and in him lies,

A a

sh I dalaw baranno

In him who both just and wife
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

ole from the world's flandation

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lye.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then

burnessed Mill

Scarce to be left that Then will I Jehovah's praise According to his justice raise, And fing the Name and Deity Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great And glorious is thy name thro' all the earth? So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou Hast founded strength because of all thy foes, To stint th' enemy, and flack th' avenger's brow That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art, The Moon and Stars which thou fo bright haft fet In the pure firmament, then faith my heart, O what is man that thou remembrest yet

And think'st upon him; or of man begot, That him thou visit'st, and of him art found! Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot, With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord, Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,

All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word, All beafts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish that thro' the wet Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great And glorious is thy name thro' all the Earth!

April 1648. J. M. Jones

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

Thou Shepherd that dost Israel keep Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of Sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,

Legist in mile to land of they word at

That

That sit'st between the Cherubs bright

Between their wings out-spread,

Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light, And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's, And in Manasse's sight,

Awake * thy strength, come, and be feen * Gnorera.

To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine To us O God vouchsafe;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine, And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou, How long wilt thou declare

Thy * smoaking wrath, and angry vow * Gnashanta.

Against thy Peoples prayer!

5 Thou feedst them with the bread of tears, Their bread with tears they eat,

And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * Shalish.

Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us, and a prey
To every neighbour foe,

A a 3

Among

Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,

And * flouts at us they throw. * Jilgnagu,

7 Return us, and thy grace divine O God of Hosts vouchsafe,

Cause thou thy face on us to shine, And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought, Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out Nations proud and haut,

To plant this lovely Vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place, And root it deep and fast,

That it began to grow apace, And fill'd the Land at last.

The Hills were over-spread,

Her Bows as high as Cedars tall

Advance their lofty head,

Down to the Sea she sent,

And upward to that River wide Her other branches went. 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low, And broken down her Fence,

That all may pluck her, as they go,

With rudest violence?

Up turns it by the roots,

Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.

From Heav'n, thy Seat divine;

Behold us, but without a frown, And visit this thy Vine.

15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand Hath set, and planted long,

And the young branch, that for thy felf
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is confum'd with fire,
And cut with axes down,

They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand Let thy good hand be laid,

Aa4

Upon

Upon the Son of Man, whom thou Strong for thy felf hast made.

To ways of sin and shame:

Quicken us thou, then gladly we Shall call upon thy Name.

Lord God of Hosts vouchsafe;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

To God our strength sing loud, and clear, Sing loud to God our King,

To Jacob's God, that all may hear,

Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song, The Timbrel hither bring; The chearful Pfaltry bring along, And Harp with pleasant string.

Blow, as is wont in the new Moon, With Trumpets lofty found,

Th' ap-

Th

Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our folemn Feast comes round.

This was a Statute giv'n of old

For Ifrael to observe,

A Law of Jacob's God, to hold,

From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,

When as he pass'd through Ægypt Land,
The Tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, and from flavish toyle
I set his shoulder free:

His hands from pots, and mirie soyle,
Deliver'd were by me.

7 When trouble did thee fore affail,
On me then didst thou call,

And I to free thee did not fail,

And led thee out of thrall * Be Sether ragnam.

I answer'd thee in * Thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;

I try'd thee at the water steep

Of Meriba renown'd.

8 Hear, O my People, hearken well,
I testifie to thee,

A

15

B

Thou ancient stock of Israel,

If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the Land of thy abode No alien God shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign God

In Honour bend thy knee.

Thee out of Ægypt Land,

Ask large enough, and I, befought,
Will grant thy full demand.

Nor hearken to my voice;

And Ifrael, whom I lov'd so dear,
Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will, And to their wandring mind;

Their own conceits they follow'd still,

Their own devices blind.

To serve me all their days,

And O that Ifrael would advise

To walk my righteous ways!

Then would I foon bring down their foes, That now so, proudly rise, And turn my hand against all those

That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
To bow to him and bend:

But they, his People, should remain,
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them from the shock With Flow'r of finest wheat,

And fatisfie them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

* Bagnadath-el.
OD in the * great * affembly stands
Of Kings and Lordly States,

- † Among the Gods, † on both his hands † Bekerev. He judges and debates,
- With * judgment false and wrong, gnavel.

 Favouring the wicked by your might,

Who thence grow bold and strong?

- 3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * Shiphtu dal.
 - * Dispatch the * poor man's cause,

And

And † raise the man in deep distress By † just and equal Laws. † Hatzdiku.

Sit

Ar

- 4 Defend the poor and defolate, And refcue from the hands
- Of wicked men the low estate Of him that help demands.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand, In darkness they walk on,

The earth's foundations all are * mov'd. And * out of order gon. *7immotu.

- 6 I faid that ye were Gods, yea all The Sons of God most high;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall As other Princes die.
- 8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth in might, * Shiphta. This wicked earth * redress,

For thou art he who shalt by right The Nations all possess.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

E not thou filent now at length, O God hold not thy peace,

Sit

Sit not thou still O God of strength,

We cry, and do not cease.

For lo thy furious foes now * fwell,

And * storm outrageously, * Jehemajun.

And they that hate thee proud and fell

Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy People they † contrive † Jagnarimu. † Their Plots and Counsels deep, † Sod.

*Them to infnare they chiefly strive,

* Jithjagnatsu gnal.

* Whom thou dost hide and keep. * Tsephuneca.

'Till they no Nation be,

That Ifrael's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

For they confult † with all their might,

And all as one in mind † Levjachdan.

Themselves against thee they unite,

And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood Of scornful Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood

That in the Defart dwell,

7 Gebal

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
And hateful Amalec,

The Philistims, and they of Tyre,

Whose bounds the Sea doth check.

8 With them great Ashur also bands,

And doth confirm the knot:

All these have lent their armed hands

To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold,

That wasted all the coast,

To Sisera, and as is told

Thou didst to Jabin's hoast,

When at the brook of Kishon old

They were repuls'd and slain,

As dung upon the Plain.

So let their Princes speed;

As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
So let their Princes bleed.

12 For they amidst their pride have said, By right now shall we seize

God's

Go

13

Gi

14

T

1

God's Houses, and will now invade

† Their stately Palaces. † Neoth Elohimbears both.

13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel, No quiet let them find;

Giddy and restless let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire,
Which on a sudden straies,

The greedy Flame runs higher and higher
"Till all the Mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirl-wind them purfue,

And with thy tempest chase:

16 * And 'till they * yield thee honour due, Lord fill with shame their face. * They seek thy

17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, Name. Heb.
Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and scape it never.

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name Jehovah is alone,

Art the most high, and thou the same, O'er all the earth art one.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear

The pleasant Tabernacles are, Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My Soul doth long and almost die
Thy Courts O Lord to see,

My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

There ev'n the Sparrow, freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest,

The Swallow there, to lay her young, Hath built her brooding nest;

Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts, They find their safe abode,

And home they fly from round the Coasts

Toward thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside, Where thee they ever praise;

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide, And in their hearts thy ways.

6 They

They pass thro' Baca's thirstie Vale, That dry and barren ground,

As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength With joy and gladsome cheer,

'Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear:

8 Lord God of Hosts hear now my prayer, O Jacob's God give ear;

9 Thou God our shield look on the face Of thy anointed dear,

Is better, and more blest,

Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.

I in the Temple of my God Had rather keep a door,

Than dwell in Tents, and rich abode, With Sin for evermore.

II For God the Lord both Sun and Shield Gives grace and glory bright,

Bb

No

No good from them shall be with-held Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXXV.

Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from hard Captivity
Returned Jacob back.

That wrought thy People woe,
And all their Sin, that did thee grieve,
Hast hid where none should know.

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd, And calmly didst return

From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd † Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath. Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God

4 God of our faving health and peace, Turn us, and us restore,

Thine indignation cause to cease

Tow'rd us, and chide no more.

Wilt thou be angry without end, For ever angry thus?

Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and hear our voice,
And us again * revive, *Heb. turn to quicken us.

That so thy People may rejoice By thee preserv'd alive?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, To us thy mercy shew,

Thy faving health to us afford, And life in us renew.

8 And now what God the Lord will speak I will go strait and hear;

For to his People he speaks peace, And to his Saints full dear.

To his dear Saints he will speak peace, But let them never more

B b 2

Return

Return to folly, but surcease To trespass as before.

9 Surely to fuch as do him fear Salvation is at hand,

And glory shall ere long appear To dwell within our Land.

Now joyfully are met,

Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kis'd, And hand in hand are set.

II Truth from the Earth, like to a Flow'r, Shall bud and blossom then,

And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r Look down on mortal men.

The Lord will also then bestow Whatever thing is good,

Our Land shall forth in plenty throw Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go His Royal Harbinger,

Then * will he come, and not be flow, His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. He will fet his steps to the way.

PSAL.

F

PSAL. LXXXVI.

THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me I thee pray,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay.

2 Preferve my Soul, for † I have trod † Heb. I
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy Servant, O my God
Who still in thee doth trust.

2 Preferve my Soul, for † I have trod † Heb. I
am good,
loving a
doer of
good and
holythings.

Pity me, Lord, for daily thee I call: 4. O make rejoice

Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee I lift my Soul and voice.

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou alone
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my fupplication, Lord, Give ear; and to the cry

Of my incessant Prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

B b 3

7 I in the day of my distress Will call on thee for aid;

For thou wilt grant me free access, And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the Gods is none, O Lord, nor any works

Of all that other Gods have done Like to thy glorious works.

9 The Nations all whom thou hast made Shall come, and all shall frame

To bow them low before thee, Lord, And glorifie thy name.

By thy strong hand are done;

Thou in thy everlasting Seat
Remainest God alone.

In the truth will bide;

To fear thy name my heart unite, So shall it never slide.

Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore

With

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad Thy name for evermore.

And thou hast freed my Soul,

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free

From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God, the proud against me rise,

And violent men are met

To seek my life, and in their eyes.

To feek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have fet.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild, Readiest thy grace to shew,

Slow to be angry, and art stild Most merciful, most true.

And me have mercy on,
Unto the fervant give the strength.

Unto thy fervant give thy strength, And save thy handmaid's Son.

17 Some fign of good to me afford, And let my foes then fee,

And be asham'd, because thou Lord Dost help and comfort me.

B b 4

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

A Mong the holy Mountains high Is his foundation fast,

There seated in his Sanctuary, His Temple there is plac'd.

- 2 Sion's fair Gates the Lord loves more Than all the dwellings fair
- Of Jacob's Land, though there be store, And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things Of thee abroad are spoke;
- 4 I mention Ægypt, where proud Kings Did our Forefathers yoke.

I mention Babel to my friends, Phlilistia full of scorn,

And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends, Lo this man there was born.

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear Be said of Sion last,

This and this man was born in her, High God shall fix her fast.

6 The

That ne'er shall be out-worn,

When he the Nations doth enrowle,

That this man there was born.

Both they who sing, and they who dance,

With facred Songs are there;

In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,

And all my fountains clear.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

Ord God thou dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry:
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my pray'r With sighs devout ascend,

And to my cries, that ceaseless are, Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble fore Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,

My life at death's unchearful door Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck-

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the dismal pit;

I am a * man, but weak alas, And for that name unfit:

* Heb. A man without manly strength.

From life discharg'd, and parted quite Among the dead to sleep,

And like the slain in bloody fight

That in the Grave lie deep.

Whom thou rememberest no more, Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest Pit profound Hast set me all forlorn,

Where thickest darkness bovers round, In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath, from which no Shelter Saves, Full fore doth press on me;

* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, * The Hebr.

* And all thy waves break me.

bears both.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange, And mak'st me odious;

Me

M

1

Me to them odious, for they change, And I here pent up thus.

9 Through forrow, and affliction great, Mine Eye grows dim and dead:

Lord, all the day I thee intreat, My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead? Shall the deceas'd arife,

And praise thee from their loath som bed, With pale and hollow eyes?

II Shall they thy loving-kindness tell, On whom the Grave bath hold:

Or they who in perdition dwell, Thy faithfulness unfold?

Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the gloomy land

Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry, Ere yet my life be spent,

And up to thee my prayer doth hie Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forfake, And hide thy face from me,

That am already bruis'd, and † shake † Heb. Pra With terror sent from thee? concussione.

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and so low As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo Aftonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow, Thy threatnings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go, Like waves they me purfue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd, And sever'd from me far.

They fly me now whom I have lov'd, And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

Hen the bleft Seed of Terab's faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,

And

And past from Pharian Fields to Canaan Land, Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand, Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown, His praise and glory was in Israel known. That faw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled, And fought to hide his froth-becurled head Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil, As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil. The high, huge-bellied Mountains skipt like Rams Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs. Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains? Why turned Jordan toward his Chrystal Fountains? Shake earth, and at the prefence be agast Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last, That glaffy flouds from rugged rocks can crush, And make foft rills from fiery flint-flones gush.

P S A L M 136.

Let us with a gladfom mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mercies ay endure, Ever faithful, ever sure. Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell, Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell. For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake. For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the folid Earth ordain To rise above the watry plain. For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might, Did fill the new-made world with light. For his, &c.

And

For his. Oc.

And caus'd the golden-treffed Sun All the day long his course to run. For his, &c.

The horned Moon to thine by night, Amongst her spangled sisters bright. For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand Smote the first-born of Agypt Land. For his, &c.

And in despight of Pharao fell, He brought from thence his Ifrael. For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain Of the Erythaan main. For his, &c.

The flouds flood still like walls of Glass, While the Hebrew Bands did pass. For his, &c.

But

But full foon they did devour The Tawny King with all his power. For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless In the wastful Wilderness.

For his, &c.

In bloudy battel he brought down Kings of prowess and renown. For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host, That rul'd the Amorrean coast. For his, &c.

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue, With all his over-hardy crew. For his, &c.

And to his servant I frael

He gave their Land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the flavery Of the invading enemy. For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his, &c.

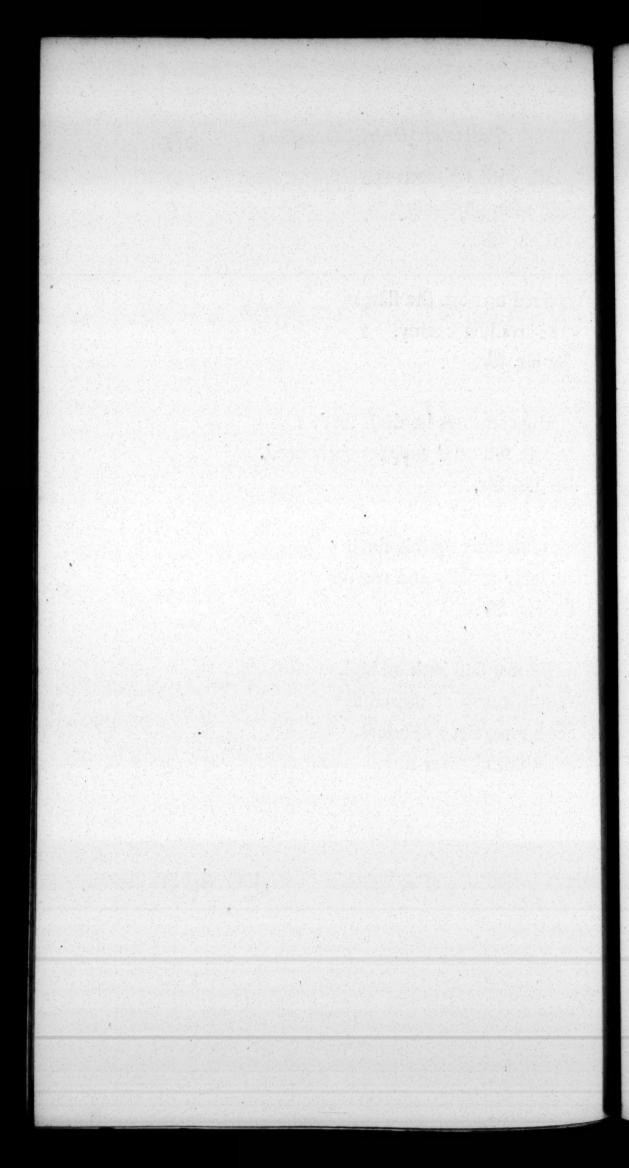
Let us therefore warble forth His mighty majesty and worth. For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high Above the reach of mortal eye. For his mercies ay endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.



Cc

JOAN-



JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigesimum conscripsit.

Cc 2



n c g

I

HEC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de sequam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita sere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id saceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic, Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.



Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici Poeseos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma Johannis Salsilli Romani.

Ede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Ræcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maro-Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem. [nem, Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

E Rgimi all' Etra d'Clio Perche di stelle intreccierd corona Non più del Biondo Dio La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,

Diensi

Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi, A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore, Non può l'oblio rapace Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore, Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede:
Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita

Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,

Quella gli è fol gradita,

Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;

Ridillo, tu Giovanni, e mostra in tanto

Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Cc 4

Lungi

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama;
Ch'udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla essigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Cosi l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi siori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni,

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni consino,

Chi

Ch

Ľ

P

Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero; L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea; Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora

O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora

Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell'opre loro.

Nell'altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia ill suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al sine
Della moral virtude al gran consine.

Non

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce cante:
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl'è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

I o che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

70 ANNI

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI

Juveni Patriâ, virtutibus eximio,

V Iro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Uysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed vastitate vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis; In intellectu Sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore Eloquentia; quentia; Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti, Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua autorum Lectione:

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti. At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est: Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.



ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne salum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque sidele caput:
Quódque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs resluà quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiserum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles, Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri, Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates, Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recufo, Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset Ille Tomitano slebilis exul agro;

Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero, Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.

Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis, Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri, Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

Seu catus auditur fenior, feu prodigus hæres, Seu procus, aut posità casside miles adest,

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.

Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti, Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;

Sæpe

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum

Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat.

Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,

Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amaror inest:

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit:

Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:

Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,

Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,

Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinà confitus ulmo,

Atque fuburbani nobilis umbra loci.

Sæpius hic blandas spirantia fydera flammas

Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,

Quæ posset senium vel reparare Jovis!

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,

Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!

Colla-

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos, Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!

Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.

Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim, Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

Cedite Achæmeniæ turrità fronte puellæ, Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.

Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ, Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.

Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.

Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis, Extera sat tibi sit sœmina posse sequi.

Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,

Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis Ouicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot

Quot tibi conspicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis slumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quam subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malesidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea sidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno Ætat. 17.

Iu obitum Praconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo sulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
D d
Ultima

Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva Mors rapit, officio nec savet ipsa suo.

Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis, Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,

O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo, Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,

Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas, Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.

Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ!

Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.

Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge, Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.

Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes, Personet & totis nænia mæsta Scholis.

Elegia

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Prasulis Wintoniensis.

Oestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sede-Hærebantque animo trillia plura meo: [bam, Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina folo; Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face; [turres Pulsavirque auro gravidos & jaspide muros, Nec metuit fatrapum sternere falce greges. Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi Intempeltivis offa cremata rogis. Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos, Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces. At te præcipue luxi dignissime Præsul, Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuz; Delicui fletu, & trifli sic ore querebar: Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi; Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras, Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros:

Dd 2

Quod-

Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo, Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa; Nec sinis ut semper sluvio contermina quercus Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?

Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis.

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus?

Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;

Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus? Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,

Semideamque animam fede fugâsse sua?

Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo, Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,

Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum Phœbus ab eoo littore mensus iter.

Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili, Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.

Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro, Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.

Illic puniceà radiabant omnia luce, Ut matutino cum juga fole rubent.

Ac

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles, Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni, Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.

lpse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,

Ecce mihi subitò præsul Wintonius astat, Sydereum nitido sulsit in ore jubar;

Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu, Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis, Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.

Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat, Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:

Dd3

Nate

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni, Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca, Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ, At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies. Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos, Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere sungentem.

Urre per immensum subitò mea littera pontum, I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros.

Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, preçor, obstet eunti, Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicano frænantem carcere ventos Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;

Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis, Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales, Vecta quibus Colchis sugit ab ore viri,

Aut

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas, Ditis ad Hamburgæ mænia flecte gradum,

Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræs

Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!

Charior ille mihi, quam tu doctissime Graium Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat,

Quámque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno, Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius Heros Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.

Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus Lustrabam, & bisidi sacra vireta jugi,

Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque savente, Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Dd 4

Flamme-

Flammeus at signum ter vidit arietis Æthon, Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,

Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:

Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu, Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum, Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides,

Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem, Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,

Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.

Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, Grande salutiferæ relligionis opus.

Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem, Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.

Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa mo-Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: [destos,

Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prœlia Musis, Mittit ab Angliaco littore sida manus.

Accipe finceram, quamvis fit fera, falutem, Fiat & hoc ipfo gratior illa tibi.

Sera

Sera

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Aft e

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T

Sera quidem, sed vera suit, quam casta recepit Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.

Ast ego quid volui manisestum tollere crimen,

Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?

Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur, Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.

Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti, Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.

Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes, Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sape sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad moestas delicuere preces.

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos,

Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi, Neve moras ultrà ducere passus Amor.

Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,

Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,

Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.

Te circum laté campos populatur Enyo, Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.

Ger-

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem, Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.

Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva, Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo Creditur ad fuperas justa volâsse domos.

Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror, Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem.

Patria dura parens, & faxis fævior albis Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus, Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,

Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis

Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique

Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?

Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, Æternâque animæ digna perire same!

Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,

De-

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Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.

Talis & horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.

Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis lesum Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.

At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis, Intententque tibi millia tela necem,

At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis, Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.

Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus, Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;

Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis.
Assyrios sudit nocte silente viros;

Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras Milit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,

Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes, Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum, Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,

Au-

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum, Et strepitus ferri, murmuráque alta virûm.

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento, Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,

Jamque foluta gelu dulce virescit humus.

Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, Ingeniumque mihi munere veris ades?

Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.

Castalis ante oculos, bisidumque cacumen oberrat, Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte serunt.

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu, Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intùs agit.

Delius

D

Ja

P

I

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.

Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli, Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum, Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.

Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo, Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.

Quid tam grande fonat distento spiritus ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste suror?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus.

Urbe ego, tu fylvå, simul incipiamus utrique, Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores Veris, & hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.

Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva, Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ, Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jam-

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Boötes Non longâ sequitur sessus ut ante viâ,

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit, Neve Giganteum Dî timuere scelus.

Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor, Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellà Phœbe tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit Cynthia, Luciseras ut videt alta rotas,

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles, Quid juvat essero procubuisse toro?

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ, Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur, Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos; Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illà, Pandit ut omniseros luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!

Ecce coronatur facro fons ardua luco, Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos, Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores, Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnameà Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alà, Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,

Alma falutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quod si te pretium, si te sulgentia tangunt Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)

lla tibi, ossentat quascunque sub æquore vasto, Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah

Ah quoties cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno Hesperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ, Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidà veniet tibi fomnus in herbà, Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lenè susurrans Aura per humentes corpora susa rosas.

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata, Nec Phäetonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cùm tu Phœbe tuo sapientiùs uteris igni, Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido, Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.

Infonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,

Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.

Jam-

Ja

Ip

M

E

Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam, Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica soco.

Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam, Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,

Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.

Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris Virgineos auro cincta puella finus.

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. [unum.

Nunc quoque septenà modulatur arundine pastor, Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat fua fydera cantu, Delphinafque leves ad vada fumma vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo, Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm fera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua Cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.

Еe

Quæ-

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis, Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan, Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus, Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,

Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri, Et sugit, & sugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant coelo præponere fylvas, Et fua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.

Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto, Nec vos arboreà dii precor ite domo.

Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales Qua potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.

Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes, Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo.



Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cùm Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusuri postulasset, si solitominus essent bona, quòd inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

M Itto tibi fanam non pleno ventre falutem, Quâ tu diftento fortè carere potes.

At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camoenam, Nec sinat optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quam te redamémq; colámque, Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis, Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quàmbene folennes epulas, hilaremq; Decembrim Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,

Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris, Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?

Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Ee 2

Nec

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris: Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiserumque Lyæum, Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan, Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, Et volat Elëo pulvere suscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu, Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque sovet.

Massica sœcundam despumant pocula venam, Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro Insonat arguta molliter icta manu;

Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum, Virgineos tremula quæ regat arte pedes.

Illa tuas faltem teneant spectacula Musas, Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.

Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,

Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum, Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,

Perque puellares oculos digitumque fonantem Irruet in totos lapía Thalia finus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est, Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;

Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque, Et cum purpureà matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis, Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero,

At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum, Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,

Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum.

Nunc latrata sero regna profunda cane.

Ee 3

Ille

Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo, Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

Additur huic feelerisque vacans, & casta juventus, Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.

Qualis veste nitens sacrà, & lustralibus undis Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.

Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque Orpheon edomitis sola per antra seris;

Sic dapis exiguus, fic rivi potor Homerus

Dulichium yexit per freta longa virum,

Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam, Et vada sæmineis insidiosa sonis.

Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi fanguine nigro Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges,

Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos, Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.

At tu, si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Pacife-

Paciférum canimus coelesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,

Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.

Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere tur-Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos. [mas,

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa, Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.

Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis, Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima. Anno Ætatis undevigesimo.

Ondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia norâm, Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, fagittas, Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.

Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas, Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos, Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.

Ee 4

In

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma? Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem, Nec matutinum fustinuere jubar.

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis, Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:

Prodidit & facies, & dulcè minantis ocelli, Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigæus Olympo Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;

Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;

Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares, Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.

Et, miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,

Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.

Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras, Et faciam vero per tua damna sidem,

Ipfe

Ip

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;

Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.

Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion, Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me, Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.

Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt, Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.

Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.

Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone fagittam, Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille finus.

At mihi risuro tonuit serus ore minaci, Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.

Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites, Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba

7

Turba frequens, faciéque simillima turba dearum Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.

Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore corufcat, Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus, Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.

Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi, Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.

Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam, Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri, Sic regina Denm conspicienda suit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.

Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ, Et sacis à tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori, Insilit hine labiis, insidet inde genis:

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat, Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus infoliti subierunt corda surores, Uror amans intùs, slammaque totus eram.

Inte-

Inte

Af

Fi

Si

T

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,

Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.

Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors, Et dubius volui sæpe reserre pedem.

Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum, Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.

Talis & abreptum folem respexit, ad Orcum Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve fequi.

Outinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos

Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui;

Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,

Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.

Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,

Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum fis Deus ales amoris,

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens: Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis, Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores, Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua sutura est, Cuspis amaturos sigat ut una duos.

Hace ego mente olim lævå, studioque supino Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ. Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, Indocilisque ætas prava magistra suit, Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum. Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore slammis, Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis, Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasq; Britannos Ausus es infandum perside Fauxe nesas,

Fallor?

Fallo

E

Scili

SI

Qua

L

Ille

Sic

Na

Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,

Et pensare malà cum pietate scelus?

Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,

Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.

Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis

Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentâsti cœlo donâsse Jacobum

Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?

Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,

Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.

Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit

Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.

Sic potiùs sœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,

Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.

Namque hac aut alià nisi quemque adjuveris arte,

Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit läcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit

Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.

Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per slammas triste patebit iter.

O quam sunesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!

Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Uem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatà jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombarda.

Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe sacem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trisidum sulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Roma canentem,

er tainer crantes cook ve

A Ngelus unicuique fuus (fic credite gentes)

Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi fi gloria major?

Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli

Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda

Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.

Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque susus,

In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

A Ltera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore surens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò seliciùs evo
Perditus & propter te Leonora soret!

Et te Pierià sensisset voce canentem
Aurea materne sila movere lyre,
Quamvis Dirceo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sevior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuà defunctam Naida ripà
Corpora Chalcidico facra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnà Tibridis undà
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rufficus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino: Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas. Hactenus illa serax, sed longo debilis evo, Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.

Quod

Q

P

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & soetus & ipsa parens.

Elegiarum Finis.



Ff

SYLVA-

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

Parere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit slebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathia jacuisset Oeta.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut

. 17 178

Quem

S

F

Quem larva Pelidis peremit Enfe Locro, Jove lacrymante. Si trifte fatum verba Hecatëia Fugare possint, Telegoni parens Vixisset infamis, potentique Ægiali foror ufa virgâ. Numenque trinum fallere si queant Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina, Non gnarus herbarum Machaon Eurypyli cecidisset hasta, Læsisset & nec te Philyreïe Sagitta echidnæ perlita fanguine, Nec tela te fulmenque avitum Cæfe puer genitricis alvo. Tuque O alumno major Apolline, Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget, Et mediis Helicon in undis, Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi Lætus, fuperstes, nec sine glorià, Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis Horribiles barathri receffus.

Ff 2

At

Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque selices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

TAM pius extremà veniens Jacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificulque novo felix divelque fedebat
In folio, occultique doli fecurus & hostis:
Cum ferus ignistuo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,

Forte

Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem, Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles, Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros; Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras, Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos, Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes; Regnaque oliviferà vertit florentia pace, Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes, Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus, Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus aftris. Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ. Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino, Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles, Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello, Ante expugnatæ crudelia fæcula Trojæ.

Ff3

At

At simul hanc opibusque & festà pace beatam Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros, Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia fulphur; Qualia Trinacrià trux ab Jove claufus in Ætnà Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus. Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cufpide cuspis. Atque pererrato folum hoc lachrymabile mundo Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi fola rebellis, Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte. Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt, Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta. Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti, Denfantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes, Et tenet Ausoniæ sines, à parte sinistra Nimbiser Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, Dextra venesiciis infamis Hetruria, nec non Te surtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;

Hinc

Hinc Mavortigenæ confistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoroniser urbem,
Panisicosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt summisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem folenni more peractis,
Nox fenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante slageslo,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemq; serocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter

Ff4

Producit

Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum salså sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit sune salaces,
Tarda senestratis sigens vestigia calceis.
Talis, utì sama est, vastà Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra serarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O sidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaq; triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,

Turgentes

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Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces, Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, Et quid Apostolica possit custodia clavis; Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem, Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo, Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrofæ, Thermodonteà nuper regnante puellà. At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto, Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires, Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite Pontum, Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle: Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis, Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges. Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacesses, Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude, Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos, Grandævosque patres trabeà, canisque verendos; Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras, Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, sub imis.

Pro-

Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia sidos Propositi, sactique mone, quisquamne tuorum Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ, Perculsosque metu subito, casúque stupentes Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus. Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt, Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos. Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina sastis. Dixit, & adscitos ponens malesidus amictus Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras; Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans sunera nati Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis; Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternå septus caligine noctis
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Estera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera serro;

Hic

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Vana-

Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces. Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur, Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror, Perpetuoque leves per muta filentia Manes, Exululant, tellus & fanguine confcia stagnat. Ipfi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; fequente per antrum, Antrum horrent, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris Diffugiunt sontes, & retrò lumina vertunt, Hos pugiles Romæ per fæcula longa fideles Evocat antifles Babylonius, atque ita fatur. Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo; Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras Et rex & pariter fatrapæ, scelerata propago, Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ: Confilii focios adhibete, operifque ministros. Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli. Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos Despicit ætherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,

Vanaque perversæ ridet conanima turbæ, Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terrà Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas; Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ Ærea, lata, fonans, rutilis vicinior aftris Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossa. Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ, Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros: Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fusurros; Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco, Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce, Auribus innumeris cinclum caput eminet olli, Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis. Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu, Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia fomno, Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras. Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.

Mille-

Mil

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Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veráque mendax Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget. Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua. Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes, Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente: Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos, Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo? Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis, Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas, Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis; Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram. Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras, Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes, Jam ventos, jam folis equos post terga reliquit: Et primò Angliacas folito de more per urbes Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit, Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat

Pro-

Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Essensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pænas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta socis genialibus omnia sumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoq; Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

A Dhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper essudi pius,
Dum mæsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis præsulis.

Cum

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh femper mali Cladisque vera nuncia!) - og sani la suposidue

Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,

Populosque Neptuno satos,

Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus

Te generis humani decus,

Qui rex sacrorum illà fuisti in infulà

Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.

Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus ADDITO SATUR SALT

Ebulliebat fervidà.

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:

Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,

Graiusque vates parciùs

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,

Sponfamque Neobolen fuam

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,

Et imprecor neci necempo

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos

Leni, sub aura, flamine saorol al mana

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream

Bilemque & irritas minas:

Quid

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina, Subitoque ad iras percita?

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:

Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei Messes ubique colligit;

Animasque mole carnea reconditas

In lucem & auras evocat:

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari, Sedesque subterraneas.

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites

Ad astra sublimis feror:

Lin()

Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum senex Auriga currus ignei,

Non

F

P

Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolofi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enfis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi folis globum,

Longéque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum fyderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem fæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & reigam Crystallinam, & Stratum smaragdis Atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.



1 3 Bulsia 3,782

Na

Naturam non pati senium.

TEU quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit Avia mens hominum, tenebrifq; immerfa pro-Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! [fundis Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum Audet, & incifas leges adamante perenni Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo Confilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab avo? Et se fassa fenem malè certis passibus ibit Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque Sidera vexabunt? an & infatiabile Tempus Esuriet cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem? Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces Hoc contra munisse nesas, & Temporis isto Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes? Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu Stridat uterq; polus, superaq; ut Olympius aula Deci-

Decidat, horribilisque retecta Gorgone Pallas:
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati.
Præcipiti curru, subitáque ferere ruina
Pronus, & extincta sumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere satorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos socià vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatà casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec sovet esseas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicà
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,

Gg 2

Surgit

Surgit odoratis pariter formofus ab Indis Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo Manè vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli, Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore. Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu, Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore Lurida perculfas jaculantur fulmina rupes. Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus, Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos Trux aquilo, spiratq; hyemem, nimbosq; volutat. Utque folet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ Oceani Tubicen, nec vastà mole minorem Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete. Sed neque Terra tibi fæcli vigor ille vetusti Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem, Et puer ille fuum tenet, & puer ille decorem Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim Terra datum fceleri celavit montibus aurum Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic deniq; in ævum Ibit cunctarum feries justissima rerum, Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima cœli; CircumCircumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli; Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Icite facrorum præfides nemorum deæ, Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul Antro recumbis otiofa Æternitas. Monumenta fervans, & ratas leges Jovis, Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm, Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine Natura follers finxit humanum genus, Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo, Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei? Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ Interna proles infidet menti Jovis; Sed quamlibet natura fit communior, Tamen feorsùs extat ad morem unius. Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,

Gg 3

Citimúmve

Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum: Sive inter animas corpus adituras fedens Obliviofas torpet ad Lethes aquas: Sive in remotà fortè terrarum plagà Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas, Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput Atlante major portitore fyderum. Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto finu; Non hunc filenti noche Plëiones nepos Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro; Non hunc facerdos novit Affyrius, licet Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem. Non ille trino gloriofus nomine Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens) Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus. At tu perenne ruris Academi decus (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis) Jam jam poëtas urbis exules tuæ Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus, Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Unc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum; Ut tenues oblita fonos audacibus alis Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipfi Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis Respondisse tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis. Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census, Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista Quæ mihi funt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio, Quas mihi femoto fomni peperere fub antro, Et nemoris laureta facri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen, Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cœli, Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem, Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia slammæ. Carmen amant superi, tremebundaq; Tartara carmen

Gg 4

Ima

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos, Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet. Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; Carmina facrificus follennes pangit ad aras, Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum: Seu cùm fata fagax fumantibus abdita fibris Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis. Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi, Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis, Dulcia fuaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro. Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt. Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen; Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens, Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion; Stellarum nec fentit onus Maurusius Atlas. Carmina regales epulas ornare folebant, Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo. Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates Æſculeâ Æsculeà intonsus redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharà, simulachraque suncta canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor facras contemnere Musas, Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos, Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.

Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur? Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus, Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas. Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri, Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi: Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis Jura, nec infulfis damnas clamoribus aures. Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem, Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum. Officium chari taceo commune parentis, Me poscunt majora, tuo, pater optime, sumptu Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ, Et Latii Veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis, Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores, Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus, Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. Denique quicquid habet cœlum subjectaque cœlo Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer, Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor, Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit.

Dimotáque

Dimotáque venit spectanda scientia nube, Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus, Ni sugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna præoptas. Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo? Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent, Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei, Et circum undantem radiatà luce tiaram. Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo, Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti, Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos. Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ, Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo, Sava nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus; In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis, Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus Pectora, vipereo gradiar fublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,

Sit

Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato Percensere animo, sidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos, Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri, Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco, Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

ΙΣεφηλ ότε παίδες, ότ' αγλαα φῦλ' Ἰακώδε
Αἰγύπον λίπε δημον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρδαεόφωνον,
Δη τότε μενον ἐἰω ὅσιον Χμ΄Θ. ἦες Ἰεδα.
Έν ἡ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρώων βασίλδιεν.
Εἶδε κὰ ἐνৗεοπάδιω φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλαστα
Κύματι ἀλυμλή ροθίω, όδ' ἄρ' ἐς υφελίχθη
Ἱεὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυεοκδέα πηγίω.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπερέσια κλονέονδο,
'Ως κειοὶ σφειγόωνες ἐϋτεμφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῆ.
Βαιότερα δ' ἄμα πάσα ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπνας,
Οῖα πόρεὶ σύριδρι φίλη ποὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπε σύγ ἀνὰ θάλαστα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας

Kupali

Κύματι εἰλυμβίη ροθίω; τί δ' ἄς' ἐςτυφελίχθης

Τιπί' ἔςεα σκαςθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονεέθε

'Ως κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῆ;

Βαιοτέραι τι δ' ἀρ' ὑμμες ἀνασκιςτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,

Οἴα κθαὶ σύριγι φίλη ὁπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;

Σείεο γαῖα τρέθσα θεον μεγάλ' ἐκίυπέοντα

Γαῖα θεον τρείθο ὑπατον σέδας Ἰσακίθαο

"Ος τε κὸ ἐκ κιλάθων ποταμθς χές μορμύροντας,

Κρήνωτ' ἄςναον πέτρης ἐπὸ δακρυοέωτης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum & insontem inter reos sorte captum inscius damnaverat, τ ἐπὶ Βανάτω τος δυόμδω. hæc subito misit.

Ω ανα εἰ ολέσης με τ ἔννομον, εδέ τιν ανδεών Δεινόν δλως δεάσαν α, σοφώτατον ἴωι κάρμωον Υπίδιως αφέλοιο, το δ' ὕς εξον αὖωι νοήσεις, Μαψιδίως δ' αρ ἔπειτα τεόν ωξός ωμόν όδύρη, Τοιόν δ' ἐκ πόλι . Ειώνυμον ἄλκαρ όλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Αμαθά γεγεάφθα χαιεί τλώδε μλύ ἀκόνα Φαίης τάχ ἄν, ως ἐκδω αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων. Τὸν δ' ἐκδυπωτὸν ἐκ ὅπηνόνδες φίλοι Γελᾶτε φαύλε δυσμίμημα ζωγεάφε.

Ad Salfillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum, Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu, Nec fentis illud in loco minus gratum, Ouàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope furas Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum: Adefdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salfillo Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi, Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis. Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto, Diebus hifce qui fuum linguens nidum Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum, Infanientis impotentque pulmonis Pernix anhela fub Jove exercet flabra) Venit feraces Itali foli ad glebas, Visum superbà cognitas urbes famà, Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis, Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille, Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum; Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,

Præcor-

Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat. Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos. O dulce divûm munus, O falus Hebes Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan Libenter audis, hic tuus facerdos eft. Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso Colles benigni, mitis Evandri fedes, Siquid falubre vallibus frondet vestris, Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. Sic ille charis redditus rursum Musis Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu. Ipfe inter atros emirabitur lucos Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum, Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus Spei favebit annuæ colonorum: Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges, Nimium finistro laxus irruens loro: Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum, Adufque curvi falfa regna Portumui.

MANSUS.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellică virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitiâ scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poëmate cui titulus, Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi Risplende il Manso

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiâ prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

[laudi]

HEC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
Post Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci. [honore,
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camænæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno selix concordia Tasso

Junxit,

Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis. Mox tibi dulciloquum non infcia Musa Marinum Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, Dum canit Affyrios divûm prolixus amores; Mollis & Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas. Ille itidem moriens tibi foli debita vates Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit. Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici, Vidimus arridentem operofo ex ære poetam. Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumq; & nec pia cessant Officia in tumulo: cupis integros rapere Orco, Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges: Amborum genus, & varia sub sorte peractam Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ; Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri. Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe. Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam, Quæ nuper gelidà vix enutrita sub Arcto Imprudens Italas aufa est volitare per urbes. Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras, Quà Hh

Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines. Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras. Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo, Quà plaga fepteno mundi fulcata Trione Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten. Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris, Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas. (Gens Druides antiqua facris operata deorum Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant) Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu Delo in herbosà Graiæ de more puellæ Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo, Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomà Hecaërge Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco. Fortunate fenex, ergo quacunque per orbem Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, Claraque perpetui succrescet sama Marini, Tuquoq; in ora frequens venies plaufumq; virorum, Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:

At non fponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo; Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes; Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos. Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum. Irriguos inter faltus frondofaque tecta Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrå Ad citharæ strepitum blanda prece victus amici Exilii duros lenibat voce labores. Tum neque ripa fuo, barathro nec fixa fub imo Saxa stetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes, Nec fentit folitas, immania pondera, fylvas, Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni, Mulcenturque novo maculofi carmine lynces. Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet Nascentem, & miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus, Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu Diis superis poterit magno favisse poëtæ. Hinc longæva tibi lento fub flore fenectus Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida susos, Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores, Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen. O mihi fi mea fors talem concedat amicum

Hh 2

Phœbæos

Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit, Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem; Aut dicaminvictæ sociali sædere mensæ, Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spritus adsit) Frangam Saxonicas Britonum fub Marte phalanges. Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ, Annorumque fatur cineri fua jura relinquam, Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis, Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ; Ille meos artus liventi morte folutos Curaret parvà componi molliter urnà. Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus. Nectens aut Paphià myrti aut Parnasside lauri Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam. Tum quoque, si qua sides, si præmia certa bonorum, Ipfe ego cœlicolûm femotus in æthera divûm, Quo labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo (Quantum fata finunt) & totà mente ferenùm Ridens purpureo fuffundar lumine vultus, Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusaem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Hamerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) [Hylan, Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen: Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis, Hh 3 Et

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, sontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem slavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assueta feditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo, Postquam te immiti rapuerunt sunere Damon; Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris? At non ille, animas virgà qui dividit aurea, Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen, Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,

In-

In

C

Ir

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque sidem coluisse, piúmque,
Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impassi, domino jam non vacat, agni. Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon:

At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu fæpe folebas Frigoribus duris, & per loca fæta pruinis, Aut rapido fub fole, siti morientibus herbis? Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones, Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis; Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impassi, domino jam non vacat, agni. Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit Mordaces curas? quis longam fallere noctem Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni [ausser Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus? at malus Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Hh 4

Ite

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeà somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impassi, domino jam non vacat, agni. At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro, Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ, Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit! Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo, Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ Mærent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impassi, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad slumina pulcher Amyntas:
Hîc gelidi sontes, hîc illita gramina musco,

Hîc

I

Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas; Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impassi, domino jam non vacat, agni. Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat, (Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsiquid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te male sascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe suit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo sigit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impassi, domino jam non vacat, agni Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsisuturum est? Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc solet esse juventæ Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi: Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & silia Baucidis Aegle Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita sastu, Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina sluenti; Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba, Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla suturi. Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,

Omnes

Omnes unanimi fecum fibi lege fodales, Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes, Inque vicem hirfuti paribus junguntur onagri; Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilique volucrum Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens, Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fosfor, Protinus ille alium focio petit inde volatu. Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors, Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum, Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis, Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ Surripit, æternum linquens in fæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)

Ut

Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,

Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, sluviosque sonantes!

Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,

Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,

Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit, Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus, [mon, Hic Charis atque Lepos, & Thuscus tu quoque Da-Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe. O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba, Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos, Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam! Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ, Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina sagos Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,

Dum

Dum folus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos. Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat, Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon, Vimina nunc texit, varios fibi quod fit in ufus! Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura, Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi, Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat, Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ, Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni? Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, fuccos, Helleborúmq;, humiléfq; crocos, foliúmq; hyacinthis Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm. Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artefque medentûm, Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro. Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte, Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis, Disfiluere tamen ruptà compage, nec ultra Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite filvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,

Bren-

Brennúmq; Arviragúmq; duces, priscúmq; Belinum, Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos; Tum gravidam Arturo satali fraude Jogernen, Mendaces vultus, assumptáque Gorlöis arma, Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit, Tu procul annosa pendebis sistula pinu Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camænis Brittonicum strides. quid enim? omnia non licet uni, Non sperasse uni licet omnia. mi satis ampla Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum Tum licet, externo penitúsque inglorius orbi) Si me slava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni, Vorticibúsq; frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ, Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & susca metallis Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri, Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus, Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse, Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento: In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver, Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,

Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alià polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube phareArma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo; [træ,
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoq; in his, nec me fallitspes lubrica, Damon, Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus? Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco, Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec slebimus ultrà: Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon, Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum; Heroúmque animas inter, divosque perennes, Æthereos haurit latices, & gaudia potat Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta Dexter ades, placidúsque save quicunque vocaris, Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis

Diodotus,

Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, fylvísque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juventus
Grata suit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronà,
Lætáque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrso.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Johannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

Emelle cultu simplici gaudens liber, Fronde licet geminâ Munditiéque nitens non operosâ, Quam manus attulit

Juvenilis

Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede.

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, Thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia fanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm:
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollinea pharetra,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel ofcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi

li

Spes

Spes nova fulget posse profundam Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam In Jovis aulam remige pennà:

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam facris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos sidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præsuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iön Actæà genitus Creusà.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos Musarum ibis amœnos,

Diamque

Diamque Phœbi rurfus ibis in domum
Oxonia quam valle colit
Delo posthabita,
Bisidóque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fuit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Persunctam invidià requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
Quo neq; lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atq; longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan

li 2

Adhibebit

Adhibebit integro sinu.

Tum livore sepulto,

Si quid meremur, sana posteritas sciet

Rousio savente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius sortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt nata géau, partim sinde tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum secit.

The end of the POEMS.



20 JY 63

TRACTATE

OF

EDUCATION,

TO

Mr. HARTLIB.

A SMALE

BIATOART

10



Mr. HARILLE

OF

EDUCATION.

TO

Mr. SAMUEL HARTLIB.

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. Hartlib,

Am long fince perfuaded, that to fay, or do ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, than fimply the love of God, and of Mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, tho' it be one of the greatest and noblest Defigns that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced, but by your earnest Entreaties and ferious Conjurements; as having my mind for the prefent half diverted in the pursuance of some other Affertions, the Knowledge and the Use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and honest living, with much more Peace. Nor should the Laws of any private Friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former Thoughts, but Ii4

that I fee those Aims, those Actions which have won you with me the Esteem of a Person sent hither by some good Providence from a far Country, to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same Repute with Men of most approved Wisdom, and some of highest Authority among us. Not to mention the learned Correspondence which you hold in foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond the Seas: either by the definite Will of God fo ruling, or the peculiar fway of Nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that fo reputed, and fo valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning Ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argument, but that the Satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in Conscience defer beyond this Time both of fo much need at once, and fo much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is either of Divine, or human Obligation that you lay upon me; but will forthwith fet down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary Idea, which hath long in filence prefented it felf to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeayour to be;

Tongues

be; for that which I have to fay, affuredly this Nation hath extream need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern Janua's and Didactics, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my Inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have slower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the neareft by possessing our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body found it self but on fenfible things, nor arrive fo clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the fame Method is necessarily to be follow'd in all discreet teaching. And feeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; fo that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. tho'a Linguist should pride himself to have all the

Tongues that Babel cleft the World into, yet, if he have not studied the folid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing for much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together fo much miferable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein fo much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Theams, Verses and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final Work of a Head fill'd by long reading and obferving, with elegant Maxims, and copious Inven-These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Striplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit. Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek Idiom, with their untutor'd Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certian forms got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in fome chosen short Book lesson'd throughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things and Arts in due Order,

Order, which would bring the whole Language quickly into their Power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein: And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grofness of barbarous Ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellective Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysicks: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreafonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the sudden transported under another Climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted Wits in fadomless and unquiet deeps of Controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge; 'till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately their feveral Ways, and hasten them with the sway of Friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity: Some allur'd to the Trade of Law, grounding their Purposes not on the prudent and heavenly Contemplation of Justice and Equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flowing Fees; others betake them to State Affairs, with Souls fo unprincipl'd principl'd in Virtue, and true generous breeding, that Flattery, and Court-shifts, and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest Points of Wisdom; instilling their barren Hearts with a conscientious Slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fained. Others lastly of a more delicious and airy Spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the Enjoyments of Ease and Luxury, living out their Days in Feast and Jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest Course of all these, unless they were with more Integrity undertaken. And these are the Fruits of mispending our prime Youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or such things

chiefly as were better Unlearnt.

I shall detain you no longer in the Demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct you to a Hill fide, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtuous and noble Education: laborious indeed at the first Ascent, but else so fmooth, so green, so full of goodly Prospect, and melodious Sounds on every Side, that the Harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest Youth, our Stocks and Stubs, from the infinite defire of fuch a happy Nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choifest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine Feast of Sowthistles and Brambles which is commonly fet before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible Age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimoufly, all the Offices both private and publick

Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less Time than now is bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar

and Sophistry, is to be thus order'd.

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an Academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Defert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wifely to direct, and overfee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from Lilly to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be After this Pattern, as many Edifices absolute. may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the increase of Learning and Civility every where. This number less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a Foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For

we Englishmen being far Northerly, do not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to smatter Latin with an English Mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French. Next to make them expert in the usefullest points of Grammar, and withall to feafon them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain Principle seife them wandring, some easy and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have Store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic Discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of Quintilian, and some select Pieces But here the main skill and groundelfewhere. work will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, enflam'd with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages: That they may despife and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercifes; which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Perfualions, and what with the intimation of some Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage; infusing into their young Breafts fuch an ingenuous and noble Ardor as would not fail to make many of them

them renowned and matchless Men. At the same time, some other hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and foon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening repast, 'till bed-time, their Thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of Religion, and the Rory of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of Agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella; for the matter is most easy, and if the Language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their Years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the walle that is made of good: for this was one of Hercules Praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be Masters of any ordinary Profe. So that it will be then feafonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy. And at the same time might be entring into the Greek Tongue, after the same manner as was before prescrib'd in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being foon overcome, all the Hittorical Physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them, and as I may fay, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's natural Questions, to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus patt the Principles of Arithmetick, Geometry, Astronomy, and Geo-

graphy, with a general compact of Physicks, they may descend in Mathematicks to the instrumental Science of Trigonometry, and from thence to Fortification. And in natural Philosophy they may proceed leifurely from the History of Meteors. Minerals, Plants and living Creatures, as far as Anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of Physick; that they may know the Tempers, the Humours, the Seasons, and how to manage a Crudity: Which he who can wifely and timely do, is not only a great Physician to himself. and to his Friends, but also may at some time or other fave an Army by this frugal and expenseless means only; and not let the healthy and flout Bodies of young Men rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other Sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists: who doubtless would be ready, some for Reward, and some to favour such a hopeful Seminary? And this will give them fuch a real tineture of natural Knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. also those Poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleasant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius; and in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil. By

By this time, Years and good general Precepts will have furnisht them more distinctly with that act of Reason which in Ethics is call'd Proaires: that they may with some Judgment contemplate upon moral Good and Evil. Then will be requir'd a special reinforcement of constant and found Endoctrinating to fet them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of Virtue and the hatred of Vice: while their young and pliant Affections are led thro' all the moral Works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian Remnants; but still to be reduced in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's Work, under the determinate Sentence of David or Solomon, or the Evangelists and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of Economics. And either now, or before this, they may have eafily learnt at any odd hour the Italian Tongue. And foon after, but with wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian: Those Tragedies also that treat of houshold Matters, as Trachinia, Alcestis, and the like. The next remove must be to the Study of Politicks; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Common-wealth be fuch poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of fuch a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counfellors have lately shewn themselves, but Hedfast Pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; delvier'd first, and with best warrant, by Moses; Kk

and as far as humane Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd remains of Grecian Law-givers, Lycurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas, and thence to all the Roman Edicts and Tables, with their Justinian; and so down to the Saxon and common Laws of England, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest Matters of Theology, and Church-History Ancient and Modern: and ere this time the *Hebrew* Tongue at a fet Hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldey, and the Syrian When all these Employments are well Dialect. conquer'd, then will the choice Histories, Heroic Poems, and Attic Tragedies of stateliest and most regal Argument, with all the famous Political Orations, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and folemnly pronounc'd with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigour of Demosthenes, or Cicero, Euripides, or Sophocles. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic Arts which inable Men to discourse and write perspicuoufly, elegantly, and according to the fittest thyle of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly. Logic therefore, fo much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due Place, with all her well-coucht Heads and Topics, until it be time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate Rhetorick taught. out of the Rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Gicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent,

cedent, as being less futtle and fine, but more simple, fenfuous and passionate. I mean not here the Profody of a Verse, which they could but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that fublime Art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian Commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the Laws are of a true Epic Poem, what of a Dramatic, what of a Lyric, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe. This would make them foon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in Divine and Humane Things. From hence and not 'till now will be the right Season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Vifages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now fit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steddy pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's fake to retire back into the middle ward, and some-Kk 2 times times into the rear of what they have been Taught, until they have confirm'd, and folidly united the whole body of their perfeted Knowledge, like the last embattelling of a Roman Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their EXERCISE.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous Schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and such others, out of which were bred up fuch a number of renown'd Philofophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over Greece, Italy, and Asia, besides the flourishing Studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the Commonwealth of Sparta; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and Lycaum, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for Exercise, and due Rest afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge, or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with

with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper'd with feafonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick Valour, and make them hate the cowardife of doing wrong. They must be also practifed in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrastling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their fingle strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd Spirits with the folemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful Organist plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice Composer, sometimes the Lute, or foft Organ-stop waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which, if wife Men and Prophets be not extremely out, have a great Power over Dispositions and Manners, to fmooth and make them gentle from rustick Harshness and distemper'd Passions. like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to affift and cherish Nature in her first Concoction. and fend their Minds back to fludy in good tune and fatisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant Eyes 'till about two hours before Supper, they are by a fudden Alarum or watch Word, to be call'd out to their military Motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Seafon,

as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then as their Age permits on Horse-back, to all the Art of Cavalry; that having in sport, but with much exactness and daily muster, serv'd out the Rudiments of their Souldiership in all the skill of Embatteling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Befieging and Battering, with all the helps of antient and modern Stratagems, Tacticks and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the fervice of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for want of just and wife Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never fo oft supply'd; they would not fuffer their empty and unrecruitable Colonels of twenty Men in a Company, to quaff out, or convey into fecret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive List, and a miserable Remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-mafter'd with a score or two of Drunkards, the only Souldiery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledge that belongs to good Men or good Governours, they would not fuffer these things. But to return to our own Institutes, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure it self abroad. In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and fullenness against Nature not to go out, and fee her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Persuader to them of studying much then.

then, after two or three Year that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land: learning and observing all Places of strength, all Commodities of building and of foil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledge of failing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts of Nature; and if there were any fecret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it felf by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into Fashion again those old admired Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian Knowledg. Nor shall we then need the Monsieurs of Paris to take our hopeful Youth into their flight and prodigal Custodies, and fend them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kicshoes. But if they desir'd to see other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wife Observation, they will by that time be fuch as shall deserve the regard and honour of all Men where they pass, and the Society and Friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much Time else would be lost abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your defire was, of that which at feveral times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this to fuch as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, this is not a Bow for every Man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require finews almost equal to those which Homer gave Olysses: yet I am withall perfuaded that it may prove much more easie in the Affay, than it now feems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.

FINIS.



